

木樨国际诗歌译丛

荣誉总编·张智 | 总编·李正栓

# 绿之韵

# GREEN RHYTHM

木樨 颜 任雨欣 译

Translated by Brent Yan and Ren Yuxin



张立峰 | 主编



张立峰

副教授,英语专业博士,曾赴英国、中国香港等地留学和工作。主持并参与国家级、省部级课题10余项,包括国家社科基金项目、中国翻译研究院项目、省哲学社会科学规划项目、省教育科学规划重点项目等,发表相关学术论文20余篇,出版教材3部。目前翻译各类稿件20余万字,参与省部级英汉交替传译10余场,为中国国际经济贸易仲裁委员会等重要部门和会议提供翻译服务。

Zhang Lifeng is a Ph.D in ELT and an associate professor of Translation and English Language Teaching. He studied and worked in the UK and Hong Kong for several years. He hosted and participated in many national and provincial academic programs, like the National Social Science Fund project, China Academy of Translation and Interpreting project, Provincial Social Science Planning project. He has published more than 20 academic research papers and three textbooks in China. Up to now, Prof. Zhang has translated various official documents for more than 200,000 words and took part in consecutive interpreting for more than 10 times in China, serving some governmental sectors and conferences as translator or interpreter, including China International Economic and Trade Arbitration Commission.



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GREEN 之

RHYTHM

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# 木 榆 国 际 诗 歌 译 丛

BOY INTERNATIONAL POETRY TRANSLATION SERIES

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**TRANSLATED BY**  
**BRENT YAN & REN YUXIN**

木樨颜 任雨欣 译

**EDITED BY**  
**ZHANG LIFENG**

主 编

张立峰



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Edited by Zhang Lifeng

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# 总 | 略 编 | 语

现代诗歌在海外的面貌如何？这是一个经常叩击当代中国诗人的问题。他们当中能够直接阅读外语诗歌的并不在多数，这时候就需要借助于翻译，所幸我们还有不少诗刊开辟了海外诗歌的译介栏目。翻译是传播的基础，传播是翻译的目的。然而，从这些诗刊中的少量译介——有时并非当代诗歌——勾连出一幅当代世界诗歌图景，却仍是一件苦差。

此时，张智主编的《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of International Poetry) 潜入脑海浮上眼帘。是张智中博士引荐我认识了张智博士。这个刊物原名《世界诗人》(The World Poets Quarterly)，1995 年由张智、余海涛、蔡丽双和露丝玛丽·威尔金森联合创办，已有将近 30 年办刊史，是世界上唯一一本多语版当代诗歌选萃翻译季刊。兼任执行总编的张智博士自创刊至今，秉持其兼容并包的办刊理念，先后聚集了杨成虎(杨虚)、张智中、杨宗泽、樱娘、殷晓媛、颜海峰(木樨颜)、童天鉴日、石永浩、马婷婷、丁立群、林巧儿等翻译家担任客座总编，出刊总计 106 期，译介中国和世界各地诗人 4000 余人，翻译诗歌 11000 余首，总计约 20 万行 2000 万字。同时，翻译和出版了来自 30 多个国家的诗人的诗集、选集 400 余部，涉及的语种达 20 多种，传播了中国诗歌文化，译介了全世界优秀诗歌，真正地做到了国际文化交流和世界文明互鉴。通过《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of

International Poetry) 季刊, 一些中国诗人曾获得希腊、巴西、美国、以色列、法国、印度、意大利、奥地利、黎巴嫩、马其顿、科索沃、孟加拉、日本等国文学奖。这个平台, 在选诗方面, 力求紧跟国际、主从兼容; 在诗人选择上, 敢于发现新秀; 在地域方面, 照顾全球性; 在译诗方面, 多为名家名译, 我本人也经常接受张智博士分配的任务。他追求精益求精, 使刊物成为了解国际诗歌写作生态、培养当代诗歌翻译名家的独一无二的平台。

在这个刊物上“供职”已经十年的客座总编颜海峰(笔名木樨颜), 出身书香门第, 受其身为乡村教师的祖父影响尤深, 自幼浸淫四书五经。他品学兼优, 为人正直, 诗情肆意, 干劲十足, 是一个罕见的优秀青年。他硕士期间师从已故典籍英译大家汪榕培教授, 进行过大量翻译实践, 培养了治学严谨的作风, 博士期间又拜入著名诗人、翻译家汪剑钊门下, 从事欧美诗学、美国诗歌的研究。他总能受到灯塔的引领, 行走诗歌美的光彩里, 逐渐成为一个多面手。他关心人与自然, 关心社会百态, 关注人生各个方面, 热爱人民, 热爱祖国的山山水水。他从事旧体诗创作30余年, 出版有《一页水山》(A Page of Rill and Hill), 也擅长新诗创作, 著有《残忍月光》(Cruel Moon), 其他原创诗歌和译作散见于《诗刊》《江南诗》等刊物, 近年来出版译诗集已经有20余种。他号召力极强, 2021年起策划总编“东西文翰大系”, 仅仅一年已经出版了20多本图书, 涉及多个语种, 发行至数十个国家, 产生了不错的海外影响。

他在《国际诗歌翻译》实践的十年中积累了大量译诗, 先后发表于该刊, 今年天时地利人和, 他打算将其汇总后编纂成不同

主题或体例的译诗集出版，取得了刊物总编张智博士的授权之后他即邀请我担任总编，我很高兴。

译丛取名“木樨国际诗歌译丛”，所选诗歌及译文全部选自于其过去十年在《世界诗人》（2020年改名《国际诗歌翻译》之后的译诗未纳入选编范围）担任客座总编时承担的翻译，总量近万行，如果按诗歌字数计算的通行规则（每10行为1000字），这相当于百万之数。这些零零散散的诗歌既有英译汉，也有汉译英，长短不一，而译者都能熟练而传情地翻译，这自然与译者的诗歌原创能力和曾经大量的翻译实践有着紧密的关系。海峰是个集创作、翻译和编辑为一体的杰出青年诗人翻译家。

面对数量如此之巨、时间跨度如此之大、诗歌类型如此之杂的“诗料”，将其编撰成9本书不容易。所幸，译者凭借其人脉优势迅速聚集起十多位编撰者，从高中教师到高校教授，从大学生到硕士生，每人各司其责，各选其题，仅仅3个月的时间，就让这一套译丛完成了定稿并陆续出版。效率之高不可谓不令人瞠目。需要强调的是，由于各自选题自有匠心，不同的选集会有一些相同的诗，这在所难免，也情有可原。如果硬性分割，互不重叠，恐怕难以体现编选者用心。优秀诗歌少量地同时编入不同名称种类诗集也属常见之态。

值得一提的是，这套丛书在美国亚马逊出版。众所周知，亚马逊网站发迹于图书，经过近30年的发展又回归图书，开拓了新式的图书出版模式，虽然尚不足以与兰登书屋等六大出版商为代表的传统出版业比肩，但也已经发出时代最强音。此次出版，是译者在出版策划方面的一次弄潮，也是其响应国家大政方针、

创新对外宣传方式、提高国际传播能力、主动塑造中国形象、发出中国话语声音的积极探索。

作为总编，能见证并监督这么一套丛书的出版发行，我深感责任之重大，因为这套丛书意义之深远。首先，这套书能展现译者的十年成长，从这些译诗中不难发现译者在译笔的流畅度和译词选择方面的演绎；其次，这套书能在某种维度展现过去十年国际诗歌写作的发展，虽然这些诗可能只是国际诗坛之一管；再次，据我所知，这可能是第一套当代中国中年翻译家的翻译自选集，而且还是一个精于诗歌写作和翻译的诗人翻译家的译文系列——这也是名师出高徒最好的诠释。最后，也证明《国际诗歌翻译》总编张智博士的培养能力，是他为海峰等一批青年译家提供了展示能力的平台并真正具有国际视野和情怀并授权翻译权还鼓励海峰出版个人作品“全集”。我把这套书推荐给读者，希望你于此中发现一颗恒久的诗心。

李正栓  
于海龙花园

**General Editor's**  
**WORDS**

What are the latest development and produce of poetry in the world? Indeed, this is a pressing question for Chinese poets, since only a few of them could directly respond to a poem written in a foreign language, and in most cases, they have to read renditions of poems to gain some insight. Fortunately, quite a number of poetry periodicals run columns to introduce and transmit foreign poems via translations of them. However, it remains an arduous and almost impossible mission to represent the panoramic view of world poetry with only a pitiful few translated versions of the selected poems, some of which are not "contemporary" at all.

On this occasion, I felt compelled to give its due honor to *Rendition of International Poetry*, formerly known as *The World Poets Quarterly*, the only multi-language quarterly of modern poems translation in the world. Since its first issue released in 1995, the periodical has run over 106 issues in nearly 30 years, introducing more than 4,000 poets to the readers and offering 11,000 translated versions of poems in 200,000 lines of 20 million words. It was through the introduction of Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, I personally came to know the executive editor-in-chief Dr. Zhang Zhi and the guiding principle for him to initiate this quarterly—"eclectic" for his poetry selection, therefore he had rallied around him world class poets, translators and professors, including Dr. Yu Haitao, Dr. Choi Laisheung and Dr. Rosemary C. Wilkinson as the founding fathers for this periodical, and later he invited a galaxy of translators as guest editors, including Yang Chenhu (Yang Xu), Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, Yang Zongze, Madam Cherry, Yin Xiaoyuan, Haifeng Yan (Brent Yan), Dr. Tongtian Jianri, Shi Yonghao, Ma Tingting, Ding Liqun and Lin Qiao'er. So far, it has translated and published poem collections

by poets from over 30 countries and 400 poem selections in more than 20 languages, serving as an intersection for international cultural exchange by introducing Chinese poems abroad and poems in other languages to the Chinese readers as well. Meanwhile, this periodical is a launchpad for some Chinese poets to gain international recognition and some have won the national literary awards from Greece, Brazil, US, Israel, France, India, Italy, Austria, Lebanon, the Republic of North Macedonia, Kosovo, Bengal, India, *etc.* In poem selection, Dr. Zhang insists on publishing the most up-to-date poems by both renowned and new poets from a wide range of countries and regions and the periodical has been especially appreciated for promoting new poets. In poem translation, Dr. Zhang Zhi holds quality first principle, and most of the translations are done by renowned translators—I myself have often been assigned translation tasks directly by him. It is for his constant aspiration for the premium-quality poems and translations that this quarterly has developed into a unique platform for Chinese poets and translators to gain knowledge of the latest poem writing trends in the world and to hone their translating skills.

Serving as one of the guest editors, Prof. Haifeng Yan (pen-named Muxi Yan in Chinese Pinyin, English name Brent Yan or B.O.Y) was born to a family of a profound literary tradition. For the influence of his grandfather, a country teacher, at a fairly early age, he was exposed to the backbone of Chinese ancient classics, namely “the four books and five classics”, which had kindled his lasting interest in poetry and learning as a whole. Years later, this bright pupil of a scholarly grandfather grew into an upright, vigorous, and prodigiously gifted poet and scholar—it is very rare to have these shining qualities to be found collectively in one so young. In his postgraduate years for a MA degree, he had been trained by the late master translator of Chinese Classics, Prof. Wang Rongpei, with

whom, he had done a substantial amount of translation and developed a serious attitude towards it. In the DA phase, he had followed his famous poet translator supervisor Wang Jianzhao to delve deeper into the studies of European-American poetry, and American poetry in particular. If love of poetry is his “inner beacon”, he is always walking in the beam of it. Besides these scholarly influences, he draws heavily on life, both on social and natural levels- on the one hand, he has shown much interest in social events and try to approach them from different aspects and on the other, love of his people and land is born in his vein, nourishing him all the while. Till now, he had been engaged in traditional Chinese poetry writing for more than 30 years, and some of his traditional Chinese poems had been published in his poem collection *A Page of Rill and Hill*. He is also good at composing new poems, which are collected in *Cruel Moon*, and some single poem creations and translations are occasionally published in *Poetry Periodical*, *Jiangnan Poetry Periodical*, etc. Over the past 20 years, he had published 20 poem collections. In 2021, he planned and worked as editor-in-chief for an ambitious book series titled *Orient-Occident Lit Collection*(OOLC), for which—thanks to his charismatic leadership—he had gathered the most talented people in this field to publish over 20 books in a variety of languages in a dozen countries, exerting quite a positive impact on overseas readers.

On *Rendition of International Poetry*, Brent has published his poem renditions for ten years. In 2021, he thought it was the right time to compile these renditions into distinct poem translation collections based on themes or genres. After being authorized by the editor-in-chief Zhang Zhi, he invited me to be the editor-in-chief for his new poetry collection series, with which I gladly complied.

The translation series is titled *BOY Translation of International Poetry Series*, which will mainly publish poems and translated versions done in the past ten years when the periodical was still titled

*The World Poets Quarterly*. Excluding those published after the periodical changed its name, the translated works mount to nearly 10 thousand lines and 100 thousand words in total, if computed according to the general rule, that is, every ten lines in a poem is equal to 1,000 words. Taken into consideration the great diversity in length and form and shift in languages (from English to Chinese and *vise versa*), it is quite an accomplishment for a young scholar, a virtuoso, a professional editor and an outstanding poet-translator. What amazes me more is that Brent had all the talent, patience and passion to translate each line with great proficiency and accuracy, acquired through his poetry writing talent and voluminous translation practice.

However, it is not easy to sort out and edit these poems and renditions into 9 books due to their bulky volume, long span over time, and diversity in pattern. Fortunately, Brent could attract a dozen more editors to work with him. It is indeed a stellar team of scholars, ranging from high school to university teachers, bachelors and masters of arts. With each responsible for a specific theme and subject, these people, with a stunning efficiency, helped to edit and publish his books within three months. To best embody Brent's creativity in themes and genres choice, a few poems and translations are allowed to be anthologized in different books. It is actually quite a common practice in poetry collection editing.

As for the publishing agent—the American Publishing Inc., it is quite a success story in its field, an enterprising agency that endeavors to emulate the six traditional publishing giants, led by Random House. In 30 years of development, it has made a strong return to book publishing with more innovative ideas pertain to the modes of publication. Therefore, this series is a trend-setting attempt made by the editor-translator, an active step forward, echoing Chinese national promotion policies, to meet our needs for cultural transmission, to demolish the old and build a new Chinese image and to let our true

voice be heard.

To be an editor-in-chief is a huge responsibility, but it is also my honor to witness and supervise the publication of such a ground-breaking series, which is not only the fruition of a translator's ten years of hard work, but an encapsulation of world poetry innovations in ten years. As far as I know, this is the first translation selection of a contemporary middle-aged translator, and it best represents the author's great language proficiency and thorough understanding and ease in choice of diction in both SL and TL. The series speaks to the proverb, "Like a teacher, like a student", because it is a sort of "the laying on of hands" by a series of master translators, from whom Brent has gained a keen perception of poetry and translation. For example, Dr. Zhang Zhi, with a global view and broad mind, has authorized and encouraged him to publish his translation selection, after he had provided him an editor's platform in his periodical. I deem it my great honor to present this series to the reader, in the hope that all will be delighted to find a poetic mind as they read through the poems.

**Dr. Li Zhengshuan**

at Hailong Garden

Translated by Wu Chunxiao



## 不忘诗心，向译而生

诗，不可译。

然而，诗，一直在译。

汉诗不可译，不可让中国人来译。但是，中国人一直在译：他们不仅把英语诗翻译成汉语，还把自己的汉语诗，翻译成外文。20世纪80年代，国内从事汉诗英译的人数，开始显增，当今尤甚。

据我小时候的记忆，国内很多诗刊，以发表中国诗人的作品为主；后来，偶然见到外国诗人诗作的汉语译文。而在过去的一、二十年里，一些诗刊开始辟出“汉诗英译”的栏目，这说明诗歌翻译的方向，从单向变成了双向：英诗汉译之外，增加了汉诗英译。英诗汉译，是外国诗歌的输入；汉诗英译，则是中国诗歌的输出。

高手在民间。好诗在民间。汉诗英译，中国诗歌走出去的工作，竟然也在民间。我记得大概十七、八年前阅读一本诗学专著，其中一句话令我兴奋：中国诗人为了让中国诗歌走出去，他们创办了一本《国际汉语诗坛》的诗刊。

之所以兴奋，因为《国际汉语诗坛》（又先后更名为《世界诗人》和《国际诗歌翻译》）正是我当时每期必译的一本诗刊。这本多语种混语版的诗歌季刊，由重庆诗人张智博士1995年创办，至今走过27个春夏秋冬。记得2004年冬，我偶然与张智博士通过邮件取得联系，虽不见面而“钟情”于彼此，从此开启了我数十年如一日的译诗之路。某日，到许渊冲先生家里拜访，他

说：“你与张智博士的合作，非常好！”遂聘先生为诗刊的艺术顾问。我与《国际诗歌翻译》，也如胶似漆，日渐情深而意浓。后来，办刊之外，张智博士又策划“世界诗人书库”和“帝国诗丛”，出版了大量的多语种诗集，由美国俄亥俄州环球文化出版社出版。27年来，《国际诗歌翻译》聚集或培养了一批诗的译者。主编张智博士倔而强之：为其翻译者，必定为诗人。

颜海峰博士就融诗人、译者、学者于一身，他已为《国际诗歌翻译》奉献十多年。而今，海峰博士将其在原《世界诗人》以往过刊中发表的译诗汇总整理，肩挑策划与统筹，邀集起一个十数人的编译团队，结集出版为“木樨国际诗歌译丛”，作为其主编的大型文学系列丛书“东西文翰大系”下的一个子集，并通过美国亚马逊出版集团全球发行——幸甚至哉！

巧了。我几年前跟张智博士说过，《国际诗歌翻译》已经多年，刊登了数不胜数的各国好诗，可以考虑出版精选系列。张智博士欣然，但由于资金短缺等问题，此事搁置下来。现海峰博士张罗此事，我闻之一喜，虽然只是将其一人的译作精选，却也是开了一个好头。译路同行者，其心也灵犀。

近年来，浏览英美出版的国际诗歌选集，偶然可见中国诗人之英文译作，倍感欣喜。

中国诗歌，正在走出去。愿我们  
不忘诗心。愿我们  
向译而生。

张智中  
2022年3月10日凌晨  
津门松间居

## RECOMMENDATION

### **Faithful to a Poetic Heart, Connate with a Rendering Mind**

Poem is untranslatable.

However, poem is always being translated.

Chinese poems are untranslatable, and can't be translated by Chinese people. However, Chinese people are always doing the translation: they not only translate English poems into Chinese, but also translate Chinese poems into foreign languages. From the 1980s, the number of people engaged in translating Chinese poems into English began to increase in China. And it is gaining stronger impetus nowadays.

According to my childhood memories, there were many domestic poetry periodicals at that time, mainly engaged in publishing works of Chinese poets; later, they would occasionally publish Chinese translations of foreign poems. In the last one or two decades, some poetry periodicals began to set up the column of "English Translation of Chinese Poems", which indicated that translation direction of poems had changed from one-way to two-way: in addition to Chinese translation of English poems, there was also English translation of Chinese poems. Chinese translation of English poems is the input of foreign poems; while English translation of Chinese poems is output of Chinese poems.

There are many unofficial masters, and there are many good poems that are deemed unofficial. English translation of Chinese poems, namely the project of promoting the go-out of Chinese poems, has been undertaken mostly by the unofficial. I remember a poetic monograph I read about seventeen or eighteen years ago, a sentence of which made me excited: In order to enable Chinese poems to go

out, Chinese poets issued a poetry periodical named *The Chinese Poetry International*.

I felt so excited because *The Chinese Poetry International* (which was then renamed *The World Poets Quarterly* before *Rendition of International Poetry*) was just one of the poetry periodicals that I partook the translation at that time for each issue. Edited by Dr. Zhang Zhi, a poet from Chongqing, from 1995, this poetry quarterly in multi-languages has survived for 27 years. I remember that in winter of 2004, I got in contact with Dr. Zhang Zhi via e-mail, we “fell in love” with each other though not meeting in reality, and from then on I started my persevering translation of poems for several decades. One day, when I called on Mr. Xu Yuanchong in his home, he said to me: “You and Dr. Zhang Zhi have made a very good cooperation!” Upon his words, I invited him on behalf of the magazine as art consultant to the periodical. I also became inseparable from the then *World Poets Quarterly*, nurturing even deeper love toward it. Later, in addition to establishing the periodical, Dr. Zhang Zhi also planned *The Book Series of the World Poets (Bilingual)* and *Book Series of the Empire Poetry*, and published many collections of poems in multiple languages in The Earth Culture Press, Ohio, USA. Over 27 years, *Rendition of International Poetry* has gathered or cultivated a batch of poem translators. Dr. Zhang Zhi the editor-in-chief adhere strictly to the principle: the translators of poems must be poets.

Dr. Yan Haifeng(Brent Yan, B.O.Y) is a poet, translator and scholar at the same time, and he has been dedicated to *Rendition of International Poetry* for more than a decade. Now, Dr. Yan makes summary and sorting of his translated poems published in the previous issues of *The World Poets Quarterly*, shoulders the planning and coordinating tasks, and sets up a compiling team of more than ten members, to publish them as *BOY Translation of International Poetry* in the form of collection, serving as a subset of a larger literary

series i.e. *Orient-Occident Lit Collection (OOLC)* to which he was the general editor, and publish them to the globe via Amazon Publishing—I'm delirious with joy!

What a coincidence. I have once said to Dr. Zhang Zhi several years ago that, our magazine has been existed for many years and has published numerous excellent poems from various countries, and it's time to consider publishing select series. Dr. Zhang Zhi agreed gladly, but this matter was laid aside due to shortage of funds and other obstacles. Now hearing that Dr. Yan is working on this, I feel very happy, and although he only selects his own translations, this makes a good start indeed. Those who engage in translation have alike mind in translation.

In recent years, when browsing international anthologies of poems published by the western world, we can occasionally see English translations of Chinese poems, toward which I feel very happy.

Chinese poems are going out. I hope we can—  
always be faithful to a poetic heart. I hope we can  
always be connate with a rendering mind.

**Zhang Zhizhong**

Early in the morning of March 10, 2022

Songjian Hut, Tianjin

推·荐·辞

翻译是一种信息的传递，亦即逐字逐句的沟通与交流。诗的翻译则是一个灵魂和另一个灵魂的拥抱。俄顷，一个新的灵魂因缘而诞生。随后，这新的灵魂便踏上了自己的求索之旅，在翻过一个又一个偶然的陡坡与沟坎之后，终于抵达某个必然的所在——那适宜的时间和地点。于是，它就不着痕迹地钻进读者的身体，开始了一种与翻译类似的传递，前述那热烈的拥抱遂得以复现，并最终催发了肉与骨、血与心脏在内部的变异与重组，由此铸造了又一个灵魂……

汪剑钊

2022年3月18日  
育新花园

## RECOMMENDATION

Translation is the transference of information, viz. a word-for-word communication and exchange. While the translation of poems is the embrace of a soul and another, after which a new soul is born thereupon. Then the new soul starts its own journey, climbing over steep slopes and ravines one by one, before arriving at some necessary being—the fitting time and location, where it'd sneak untraceably into the body of a reader to commence another transference like translation. The aforementioned embrace is thus reproduced and, in turn, it promotes the inner reforming and regrouping of bone and flesh, heart and blood, to forge another soul...

**Wang Jianzhao**

March 18, 2022

Yuxin Garden, Beijing

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## 暴雨过后（外七首）

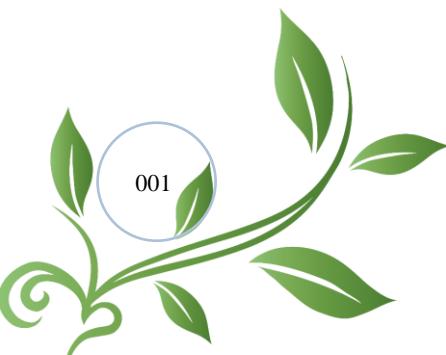
王猛仁

四周空濛  
你独自飞驰在湛蓝的天穹  
远方投来一片阴影  
给平静的生活开始没有方向的旋转

苍天被遮掩了  
暴风雨恶狠狠地把你缠绕  
你发出无助的呻吟  
家乡的土地哭泣了

我独坐桥头  
忧郁地观察着河水和禾田  
村后那些挣扎着站起来的房屋和树木

步履蹒跚地转动着翅翼……





## After Rainstorm (and other seven poems)

Wang Mengren

It's hazy all round when  
You are darting in the blue  
A shadow is cast from afar  
revolving the placid life around nowhere

Cloaked was the sky  
and the rainsquall enlaced you ruthlessly  
Then you groaned helplessly  
Rendering the soil of the land teary

Here I sit about by the bridge alone  
casting my gloom eyes over the river and the cropland  
and the trees and the houses struggling to their feet

Teetering and tottering, you turn your wings...

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 60 期)

# 一个人的夜晚

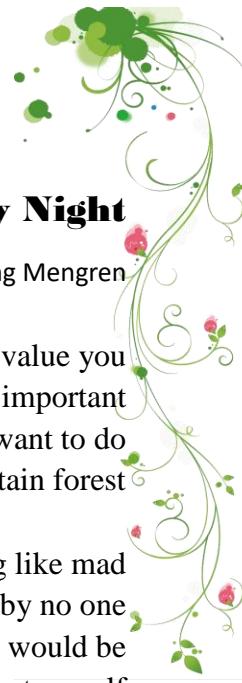
王猛仁

并不是因为我看重你  
我的理想 并不重要  
如果我能够随心随欲  
我会径直地走向山林

或许 我会疯狂地歌唱  
在无人踏入的小径  
在混乱神奇的梦幻里  
忘乎所以

我会怀揣幸福  
向着浩渺的天空  
自由自在 无牵无挂  
甚至像狂风 吹倒树木

深夜 我能够听到的  
不是鸟儿凄惨的泣鸣  
而是来自异乡的呼唤  
和密林深处孤独的喧响……



## A Lonely Night

Wang Mengren

It's not that I value you  
My value, not that important  
If I can do what I want to do  
I will go directly to the mountain forest

Likely, I would sing like mad  
on a path trodden by no one  
Or in a fantasy I would be  
lost without myself

I would embrace bliss  
towards the vast sky  
unconstrained, unrestrained  
even like a whole gale, blowing down the trees

Late at night, I can hear—  
not that wailing birdcalls  
but the call from a strange land  
and the lone din in the deep woods

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 60 期)

# 秋天来临

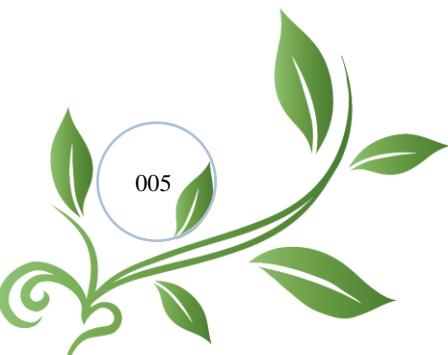
王猛仁

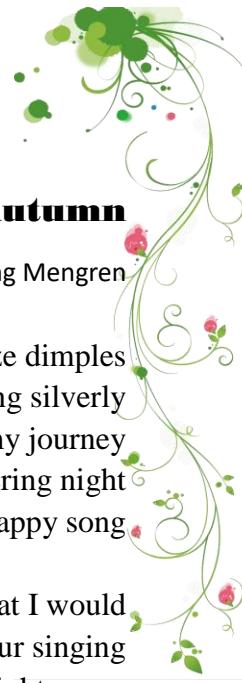
微风吹起涟漪  
在田野上闪着银光  
在旅途的郁闷时刻  
在明灭不定的夜色里  
请你唱一曲快乐的歌儿吧

此时，我会默默地  
倾听你的歌声  
沿着明月洒下的清冷的光辉  
有风在远方悲鸣

临别时的姿容令我心旷神怡  
尽管游动的云彩把天空遮蔽  
还有那少见的阳光  
和来自北方的寒风的肆虐

我依然感受到了大自然更改时的五彩缤纷  
凭着任性的想象  
似乎发现了什么：于是  
秋天微笑着向我走来





## Here Comes the Autumn

Wang Mengren

The breeze dimples  
the field, glistening silverly  
On this gloomy journey  
in this flickering night  
would you sing a happy song

Silently, hereat I would  
listen to your singing  
Along with cold light cast by the bright moon  
the wind afar is wailing

On departing, your appearance carries me away  
Though the sky is veiled by moving clouds  
and the sunlight rare  
and the cold wind from the north frenzied

Still, I sense the change of nature in colors  
with my willful imagination  
whereupon I find, it seems to me  
the autumn comes to me with a smile

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 60 期)

# 山乡一日

王猛仁

你总想嘲笑我们  
来吧，请坐在我的身边  
我们一起排遣孤独和忧郁  
这里的景象  
残破而黝黑  
黑泥巴垒起的院落里  
仅有可怜的两株小树  
其中的一株  
只待北风起的时候埋入泥土  
这就是一切：  
一个老婆两个孩子  
一扇门一条狗  
这里没有思想和心计  
没有抗争  
也没有流行病  
大门口  
一个老农正叼着烟卷  
憨憨地笑着





## A Day in Mountain Village

Wang Mengren

You always want to jest us  
Come, please be seated by me  
Let's together dispel the loneliness and blues  
The scenery here is  
shabby and swarthy  
In the courtyard built by black mud  
stand just two pitiful saplings  
One of them  
is only waiting for the north wind to bury it underground  
This is all—  
a wife and two kids  
a door and a dog  
There is no thinking and no planning  
no struggling  
no epidemic too  
At the gate  
an old farmer is holding a cigarette in mouth  
smiling simple-mindedly

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 60 期)

## 冬日的记忆

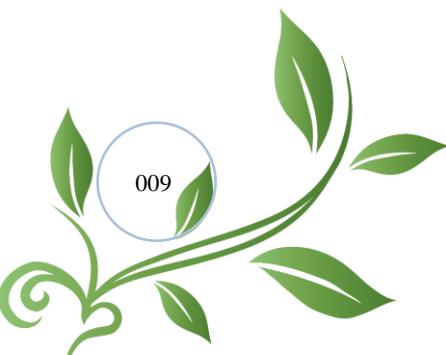
王猛仁

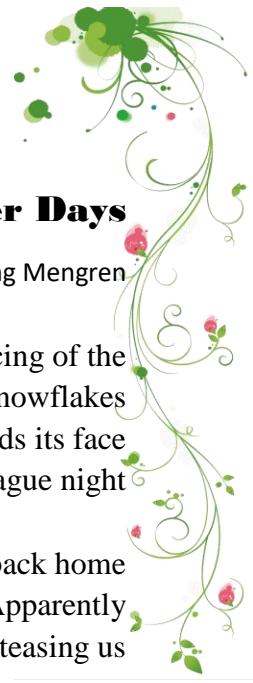
月光偷映出雪花的飞旋  
天空阴沉着脸  
夜色茫茫

我们找不到回家的路  
显然  
旷野里的牧羊犬在戏弄我们  
看似雄性勃发的马儿  
正飞快地没入黑暗  
谁能知道北方草原的习性

暴风雪在抿泪  
在闪着白光的原野上  
我看见聚集着一群幽灵

有一种预谋乘着夜色  
蹦蹦跳跳  
像十二月的落叶随风飞旋……





## Memories in Winter Days

Wang Mengren

The moonlight shines secretly the dancing of the  
snowflakes

The sky clouds its face  
A vague night

We cannot find the way back home  
Apparently

the shepherd dog in the field is teasing us

Horses in majestic appearance are  
merging fleetingly into the darkness

Who could know the habit of the north plain?

The snowstorm is wiping tears

In the gleaming field

I see a flock of spirit gathering

Taking advantage of the night, a premeditation  
scamper around  
like the leaves in December dance with the wind...

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 60 期)

## 无名花

王猛仁

一朵小花  
在自家的小院里盛开  
于是一连串奇异的遐想  
开放在我的心田

如今，它灿烂在何处？  
异乡的陌生人  
为什么他身上也带着一股芬芳？

也许为了追忆远方的脚步  
也许为了离别的眷念  
是在静谧的田野  
或者茂密的林间？

风雨的侵蚀  
或许他们早已随风而逝  
如同这朵无名的小花  
追忆一段生命的赞歌……



## A Nameless Flower

Wang Mengren

A small flower  
is blooming in my courtyard

A string of fantasies thus  
blossoms in the field of my heart

Where, by now, is it glittering?  
Why does the stranger from the strange land  
wear a flow of aroma?

Maybe in retrospect of the remote steps?

Maybe in fond memory of the bygones?

In the placid field? Or  
in the dense woods?

Winds and rains gnaw  
Maybe they are long gone therewith  
just like the small nameless flower  
looking back upon a paean to life

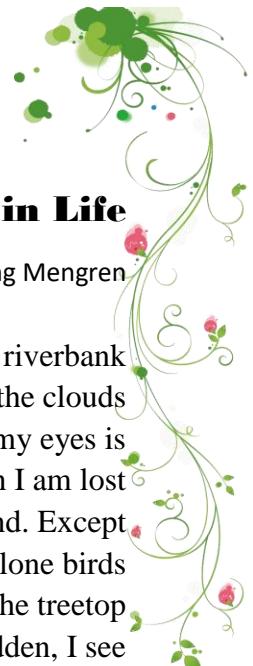
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## 生活中的谜语

王猛仁

黄昏。我走进河堤  
看见，月亮藏在云的后边  
它的光很暗淡，眼前  
一片漆黑，我迷了路  
没有声响  
只有二只孤独的鸟躲在树梢上  
窃窃私语  
我突然看见  
一个草棚，闪着  
一点微弱的光  
看来，梦中的一切  
不全是虚幻  
我徘徊在茅屋的周围  
默默地祝福  
惊奇地感叹  
多想唱一支牧羊曲  
让南飞的大雁  
述说生活中的  
谜语……





## Riddles in Life

Wang Mengren

Twilight. I approach the riverbank  
to find the moon hiding behind the clouds

Her light, so bleak. Before my eyes is  
the dark of darkness in which I am lost

No sound. Except  
the whispers of two lone birds  
standing on the treetop

All of a sudden, I see  
a straw shed, glimmering  
It is not all visional in a dream, it appears

Around the shed I linger  
praying in silence  
sighing in wonder

How much I'd like to sing a pastoral  
to let the swan geese flying southward  
to tell the riddles  
in life...

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## 有雨的晚上

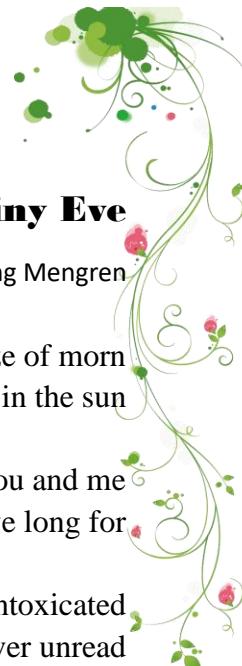
王猛仁

你从晨风里走来  
阳光里抖落细微的雨

相对无言  
彼此都知道心中的等待

时光之神 沉醉其中  
照在一本未阅读的封面上

有芳香四溢 漸行渐浓  
夏天，在熏衣草岸边浣纱



## Rainy Eve

Wang Mengren

You come to me in the breeze of morn  
shaking off the rain-dew in the sun

Face to face, wordlessly are you and me  
knowing all too well what we long for

The light of Time, the god, is intoxicated  
shining on a book-cover unread

There comes an overflow of aroma, deeper as I go further  
To launder silk by the bank of lavender river, in summer

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 60 期)

## 记性不好的冬天(外一首)

陈明

门的把手  
移植一块石头，和鸟类看齐  
黑夜的记性  
闯入空中阳台  
等我也在申请一张可以飞行的签证

诗句绳扣  
有猫头鹰闯入雪地里的爪痕  
老天爷抬来担架  
炒熟了房间  
让一幅漫画失火

消防人员的河流  
上岸一只裤脚，并抢救成活  
缝补过的丛林边  
我的头顶，排练的猴子  
匆忙栓紧鞋带  
捧着空巢里的指南针，辨认返乡的路





## Forgetful Winter (and another poem)

Chen Ming

The handle of the door  
transplants a stone to be in line with the birds

The memory of the dark night  
bursts in the balcony in the air  
waiting also for me to apply for a flying visa

The poem knots  
The prints left by an owl blundering into the snowfield  
Here Heaven carries a stretcher  
having fried a house  
to set a cartoon on fire

The stream of the firefighters  
A trouser leg lands and rescued to life  
On the border of the patched jungle  
Upon my head, monkeys doing rehearsals  
Hurriedly I tie my shoelace  
holding the compass in the empty nest, making out the  
way back home

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 61 期)

# 晚归

陈明

雨下的入口  
我肩扛桂花的散乱  
咳嗽一场疲惫  
喧嚣飞的枯黄晚归

大厦工地  
农民的锹挖出萤火虫  
掩埋的主题  
沦陷风中泥土

眼神  
渗透路旁一道冷  
有鱼群的布料  
和洗衣机谋划一件梦

婴幼儿用品店收银处  
叫我的名字  
前往唇红的括号里砍价  
准备自己来世的尿片



## Returning Late

Chen Ming

By the entrance in the rain  
I shoulder a scatter of laurel flowers  
coughing out a frazzle  
Returning late is the flying clamorous yellow

At the grand building-site  
the shovel of farmer digs out the fireflies  
The buried theme  
occupies the earth in the wind

A glance  
penetrates into the flash of cold along the road  
The cloth of a shoal of fish  
plots a piece of dream with the washer

In the shop for Infant, call my name  
at the check-out  
and go to bargain with the red-lipped bracket  
I am to prepare the diapers for my eternity

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 61 期)

## 绿之韵（二首）

林青

1

在高原  
在距离太阳最近的地方  
在白云深处  
插根木棍也成荫啊  
丢粒种子连成片  
赤道的热情  
火山的奔放  
江河缠绵  
雨雪温柔  
石头水灵灵

2

山的梦想  
长在叶子上  
山有多高 树有多高 天空有多高  
碧波滚滚的绿叶啊  
天空飞翔的翅膀

彩云之南，有仙境  
人间天堂，高黎贡





## Green Rhythm (two poems)

Lin Qing

1.

On a plateau  
in a place nearest to the sun  
in the depth of the clouds  
Just a stick would flourish  
a single seed would make a forest  
The zest of the equator  
the vigor of the volcano  
Lingering are the lakes and rivers  
gentle are the rain and the snow  
and the stones are fresh and juicy

2.

The dream of the mountain  
is growing on the leaves  
The higher the mountain  
the taller the trees  
the loftier the sky  
Oh, the green waves of leaves  
are the soaring wings of the sky

South of the colored clouds, there is a fairyland  
a paradise in the earthly world, Gaoligong

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 61 期)

# 给一个诗人

王德席

在荒草蔓长野花盛开的地方  
暮色垂吊，孓萤虫鸣，繁星闪烁  
万物消融在善良静美的心灵里，群山无言  
他歌颂过自由，赞美过祖国  
与人们骨恋深处生命的阳光  
竖琴没在风中，泉水流在心中  
他的遗骸将与岩石一同腐朽  
或一同灿烂、一同消隐  
或一同说出他的名字，——大地诗人  
因为正义他仍将斗争，伤痕累累  
面对苦难的生活他仍将无所畏惧  
因为他曾给人们带来过幸福的欢乐  
和希望，让诗人睡醒整个美好大地  
他将和我们一起再一次把春天传遍





## To a Poet

Wang Dexi

In a wilderness with wildflowers blossoming  
The night falls, insects sing and stars sparkle  
the mountains hush, the world melts in a nice quiet heart  
He praised freedom and the motherland  
He loved keenly the sunlight of deep life like others  
The harp immersing in wind, the spring streaming in heart  
His remains would moulder with the rocks  
Or glitter with them, disappear with them  
Or enounce his name with them—the Earth Poet  
He will fight for justice, black and blue  
Facing the painful life, he will be undaunted  
For he had brought to the people happiness and  
hope, arousing the poets all over the beautiful land  
Again with us, he will spread the spring far and near

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 63 期）

## 梦里的你

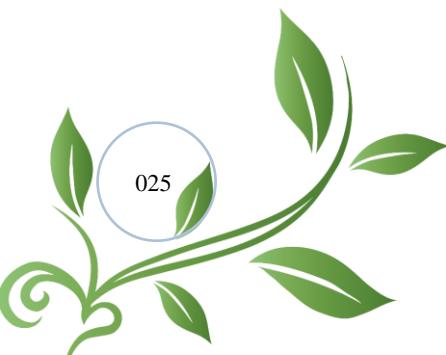
木樨颜

昨日的你在今日的我的梦乡  
我看得真实的渺茫  
是你的红唇 你的柳叶眉  
你的垂顺的青丝撩拨在耳旁

你款款地走来 走近 又走远  
走出了另一个她的芳香  
是谁的芳香，谁的模样，谁的姿态  
也不必在醒来费力找寻 满梦的愁肠

不过是又一只滴血的瓦伦丁  
我用刺疼的拇指 按住键盘  
按住躁动的麻木的枯萎的徘徊的心脏  
明天捧你 11 朵阳光

可是天又冷了 雪下了  
你的心也冷了 像雪一样  
飘扬着寒气  
我就在白天的雪地里不记得你的模样





## You, in My Dream

B.O.Y

The hesternal you were in the dream of the present me  
I feel it authentic vague to see  
your red lips and your willow-leaf like brows  
Your soft black hair was teased by your ears

Gracefully you came to me, approached me and then went  
afar  
making me fancy the aroma of another She  
Whose aroma, whose appearance, whose posture are these  
No need to search after the wake for the whole dream  
sadness

It is just another blood-dripping Valentines' Day  
I press the keyboard with my stinging fingers  
to control my heart that frets, numbs, sears and lingers  
Tomorrow, I will give you the sunbeam of 11-array

But it turns to be cold again, it begins to snow  
your heart becomes cold as the snow also  
flowing with coldness  
I, then, stand in the snow, not remembering your  
appearance

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 63 期）

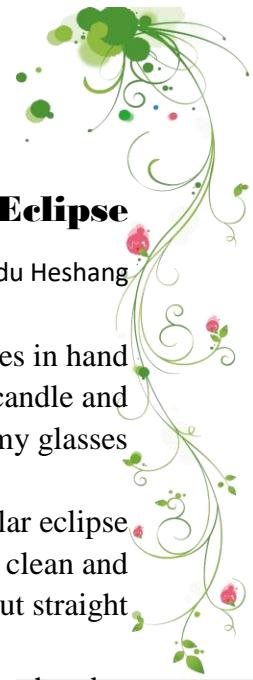
# 人全食

西毒何殇

手头没有墨镜  
就点了只蜡烛  
把眼镜熏黑

看完了日全食  
竟忘了擦干净  
就直接出门

那天的大街上  
空无一人  
好像都被狗吃了



## Total Human Eclipse

Xidu Heshang

With no sunglasses in hand  
I lighted a candle and  
Fumed my glasses

After the total solar eclipse  
I forgot to wipe them clean and  
went out straight

Out there in the street that day  
No figures in sight  
All were eaten by dogs, as it appeared

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 63 期)

## 麻雀。尊严和自由

侯马

这样的诗句让我心领神会  
“一出门，就能看到亲戚和麻雀”

没有深切的乡村体验  
就不知卑微的麻雀多有尊严

有谁见过：  
笼中的麻雀

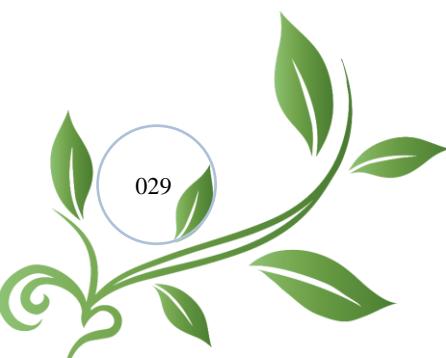
只有踢翻的米盆  
和一具横倒的尸体

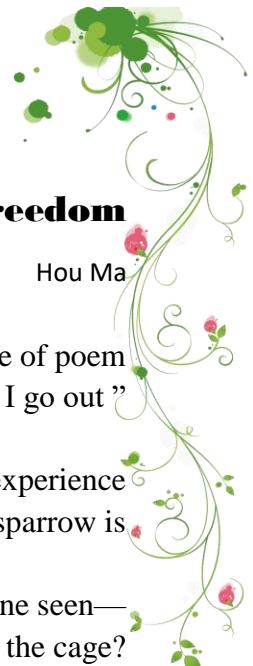
抓过雏雀的手  
会终生出汗 拿不稳刀剑

它离人类最近了  
但永远是邻邦，绝非家奴

饱经沧桑的人知道  
他们是自由的精灵

没有道义可以审判不羁的灵魂  
甚至良知也对不住自由的追求





## Sparrow. Dignity and Freedom

Hou Ma

I take a hint of this kind line of poem  
“Relatives and sparrows can be seen every time I go out”

Without deep-felt rural experience  
one will never know how dignified the humble sparrow is

Has anyone seen—  
A sparrow in the cage?

Only a kicked-off rice cup and  
a lying corpse

The hand ever captured a young sparrow  
will be wet with sweat, unable to hold the sword firm

It is the nearest to the mankind.  
But remains for long neighbor, not at all house slave

Those who once weathered all vicissitudes of life know  
they are free fairies

No morality and justice can judge the unruly spirit  
even the conscience is sorry to the pursuit of freedom

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 64 期)

## 看性病门诊的女人

吴投文

在医院走廊的长椅上  
一溜儿病人掩饰同样单调的面孔  
她微仰着头，有节奏地吐着烟圈  
在烟圈渐渐放大的空洞里  
她显得孤单，优美，有一种动人的表情  
忧伤表现在她的动作上，迟缓，苍白  
她一支接一支地抽着，任烟灰掉落在身上  
这里是性病门诊，病人们小心地守卫自己  
我坐在她的身边，但我不能说话  
与她相识显然是多余的，周围的一切都是多余的  
她在一个世界里显得丰富，明亮，而且安全  
我也是这样，想着办法安置自己的心灵  
不过，我还是在悄悄留意她暧昧不明的眼神  
到底停留在哪一个升起的烟圈上





## Woman at OSSD

Wu Touwen

On the bench in the corridor of the hospital  
a line of patients cover up their same flat faces  
She raises her head a little, puffing out smoke rings  
rhythmically

In the gradually expanded hollow of the smoke ring  
She seems to be lone, elegant and has a touching expression  
Melancholy is exhibited by her action, slow and pale  
She smokes one cigarette after another, minding not the  
fallen ashes on her  
This is the Outpatient Service for Social Disease (OSSD)  
Where all patients carefully guard themselves  
I sit beside her, but I cannot say a word  
To know her is unnecessary, so is everything around  
She appears to be affluent, bright and safe in her own world  
Like her, I am trying to settle my own soul  
Still, I pay secret attention to her vagueness in her eyes  
On which rising smoke ring would she fixes

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 64 期)

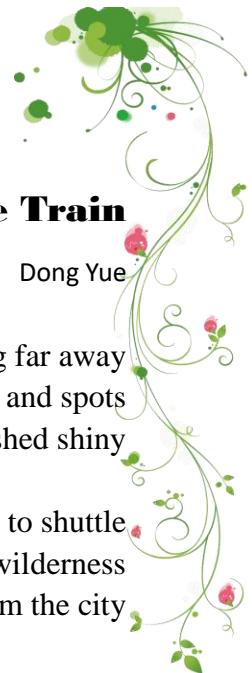
## 火车的孤独

东岳

那些伸向远方的铁轨  
那些锈迹斑斑的铁轨  
那些锃亮的铁轨

承载着我的火车  
在远离城市的田野  
荒山野岭中穿梭前行

众同事与我一起说笑  
我承认，今夜我的灵魂  
不在现场



## **Solitude of the Train**

Dong Yue

Those rails stretching far away  
Those rails rusty with stains and spots  
Those rails polished shiny

Carry my train to shuttle  
and travel in the vast wilderness  
in the open country remote from the city

The colleagues josh and joke with me  
I admit, my soul tonight  
is not on the spot

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 64 期)

## 哭嫁（外一首）

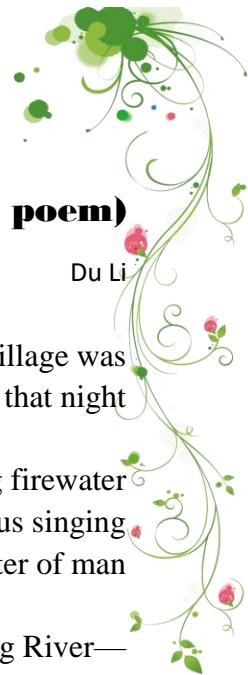
杜李

那一夜，整个寨子  
在情歌中沸腾了

欢欢喜喜、哀哀怨怨的歌声  
如烧烫的烈酒  
温暖着男人的冬天

清江水啊——  
土家妹子哭嫁的眼泪  
缀成了爱情的珠玑……  
沸腾了我所有的诗歌





## Crying Marriage (and another poem)

Du Li

The whole stockaded village was  
boiling in ballads on that night

Like the boiling firewater  
those hilarious or piteous singing  
warmed the winter of man

O, water of the Qingjiang River—  
the teardrops of Tujia girls crying their marriage  
were clustered to be the pearls of love...  
boiling all of my poems

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 65 期)

# 乡歌

杜李

乡歌  
在我方言的血管里  
——奔涌

乡歌  
梦里的老家





## Home Ballad

Du Li

Home ballad  
flushes—  
in the veins of my dialect

Home ballad  
home town in my dream

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 65 期）

## 微妙（外一首）

沈奇

高处不胜寒

是身寒  
还是心寒？

——从梦的侧面  
问完这个问题  
那块顽石 伸出  
最后一只感性之手  
把秋阳抓个满怀  
不再理睬  
外在的风景

玉心尽弃  
岁月静好



## Subtlety (and another poem)

Shen Qi

Too lofty to endure the chill

Does the body feel the chill  
Or the soul?

— After finishing the question  
from the profile of the dream,  
that hard rock extends  
his last sensible hand to  
grasp the autumn sun to his chest  
not any more to notice  
the outer scenery

Jade-heart all forsaken  
Time and tide remains tranquil

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 65 期)

# 别梦

沈奇

梦田春早  
早于鸭  
早于梅  
早于繁华过后  
那人世的追悔

……相信了一切  
也便遭遇了一切  
天生自由 而  
永不设防的灵魂啊  
收获的只是  
破碎的高贵

却问梦归何处？

一地鸡毛  
满天星辉



## Departure Dream

Shen Qi

The dream-land sees an early spring  
earlier than the ducks  
earlier than the plum blossoms  
earlier than the earthly afterthought  
behind all the prosperity

... when all is believed  
all is encountered as well  
O, the never-fortified soul  
which is born to be free  
just reap shattered  
dignity

But to where the dream goes?

The chicken feathers cover the ground  
Stars enlighten the whole sky

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 65 期)

## 明天将出现什么样的词（外一首）

安琪

明天将出现什么样的词  
明天将出现什么样的爱人  
明天爱人经过的时候，天空  
将出现什么样的云彩，和忸怩  
明天，那适合的一个词将由我的嘴  
说出。明天我说出那个词  
明天的爱人将变得阴暗  
但这正好是我指望的  
明天我把爱人藏在我的阴暗里  
不让多余的人看到  
明天我的爱人穿上我的身体  
我们一起说出。但你听到的  
只是你拉长的耳朵



# What Word will Appear Tomorrow

(and another poem)

An Qi

What word will appear tomorrow  
What kind of love will appear tomorrow  
When my love passes by tomorrow, what kind of  
    clouds and bashfulness will appear in the sky  
Tomorrow out of my mouth, that appropriate word will be  
    spoken. I will enounce that word tomorrow  
    and my love tomorrow will become gloomy  
        which, however, is what I am expecting  
I will hide my love tomorrow in my gloom  
    allowing no unwanted people to see  
Tomorrow my love will put on my body  
    we will say it together. But what you hear  
        is just your stretched ears

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 66 期)

## 像杜拉斯一样生活

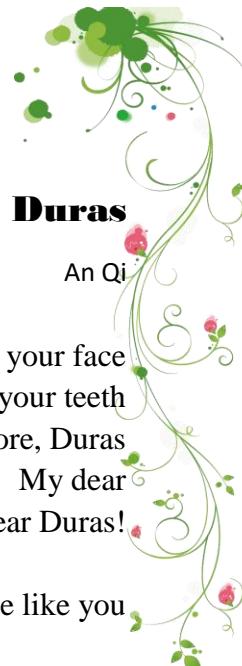
安琪

可以满脸再皱纹些  
牙齿再掉落些  
步履再蹒跚些没关系我的杜拉斯  
我的亲爱的  
亲爱的杜拉斯！

我要像你一样生活

像你一样满脸再皱纹些  
牙齿再掉落些  
步履再蹒跚些  
脑再快些手再快些爱再快些性也再  
快些  
快些快些再快些快些我的杜拉斯亲爱的杜  
拉斯亲爱的亲爱的亲爱的亲爱的亲爱的亲

爱的。呼——哧——我累了亲爱的杜拉斯我不能  
像你一样生活。



## Live like Duras

An Qi

You could have wrinkled more your face  
lost more of your teeth

You could have teetered more, Duras

My dear  
dear Duras!

I want to live like you

Like you, I want my face more wrinkled  
lost more of my teeth  
I want to teeter more  
quicken my brain my hands my love and even  
my sex  
quickly quickly quickly my Duras my dear Duras  
my dear dear dear dear dear d-

ear. Ph-ew! I am tired my dear Duras I cannot  
live like you.

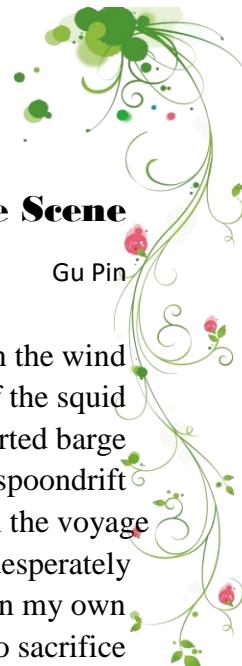
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 66 期)

## 简单的场景

谷频

当你在风中远离黑暗的海洋  
对于年代的宽厚，连鱿鱼的骨骼  
也成为忠贞的读本，废弃的舢舨  
在浪花的床榻上醒着  
而风暴的弧度足以摧毁航行  
在无人可诉的时刻，我多想  
一个人紧紧握住方向  
但记忆却将美好的事实变成祭品

潮水的流速与飞翔的底色无关  
无数怪异的鸟，把自己的巢  
建在更深刻的海底，以寂靜来迎娶繁星  
他们的呼喊比命运更加模糊  
谁点亮桅灯，让时间扣留了渔火  
一根缆绳，就有一寸寸的思念裹在里面  
我不怕衰老，也不怕孤单  
热情虽在消逝，但对大海从不会厌倦



## Simple Scene

Gu Pin

When you are departing the dark ocean in the wind  
for the leniency of the time, even the bones of the squid  
would become a duteous reader, the deserted barge  
is awake on the bed of spoondrift  
when the radian of storm is big enough to smash the voyage  
At this moment, with none to speak to, I desire desperately  
to hold firmly the direction on my own  
However, the memory turns the fine fact into sacrifice

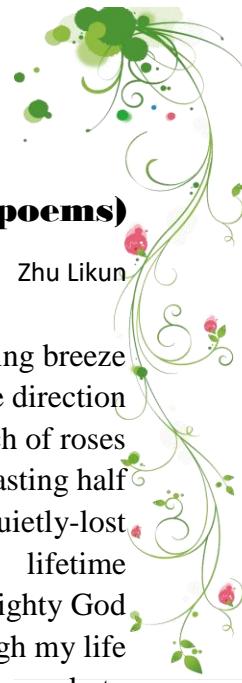
The velocity of tide has nothing to do with the flying  
grounding  
Numerous weird birds set up their nests  
profoundly deep down in the ocean to marry the stars with  
quietude  
Their yell is dimmer than fate  
Who lighted the headlight, allowing time to detain the  
fishing light  
There'd be yearn wrapped in the thick rope, inch by inch  
I dare not to be old, to be lonely  
Though my zest is wearing away, I will never be weary of  
the ocean

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 66 期)

## 赞美诗（外二首）

朱立坤

一缕尖锐的晨风  
来自未来的方向  
像一束玫瑰  
覆盖了我  
悄然走失的  
前半生  
万能的主呵  
我这一生  
只对  
尚未发生的  
幸福和苦难  
感恩



## Anthem (and other two poems)

Zhu Likun

A wisp of sharp morning breeze  
hails from the future direction  
    like a bunch of roses  
    overcasting half  
    of my quietly-lost  
    lifetime  
Ah, the Almighty God  
    all through my life  
    only to  
    those unhappened  
happiness and bitterness  
    will I be indebted

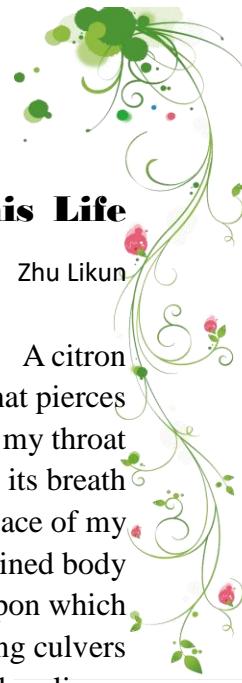
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 66 期)

# 百年之后

朱立坤

一棵  
穿过喉咙的  
枳壳树  
代替我  
衰败的躯体  
继续呼吸  
在它上边  
一群熟睡的斑鸠  
放大了今夜  
歌唱的寂寞

爱和痛  
只是远方幽暗的星辰



## After This Life

Zhu Likun

A citron  
that pierces  
my throat  
continues its breath  
in place of my  
ruined body  
upon which  
there is a flock of sleeping culvers  
magnifying the singing loneliness  
of tonight

Love and pain  
are just the stars in the distant darkness

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 66 期)

## 给英子

朱立坤

你的沉默比漫长的道路更加遥远  
你的忧郁 老家的映山红一样鲜艳

你的身影从我身边滑过  
有如一座静谧的村庄  
压迫着我 生活的城市  
喧嚣的夜空

如此这般回家的感觉不可替代  
如此这般故园的模样不可替代  
如此这般整夜整夜唤醒我睡眠的方式  
不可替代  
如此这般幸福和疼痛绽放的美丽  
不可替代



## To Yingzi

Zhu Likun

Your reticence is even longer than the endless road

    Your melancholy is as bright as the azalea in our  
        hometown

Your silhouette slides past me

    like a tranquil village that  
        oppresses the blatant night sky  
            above the city where I live in

Such feeling as going home cannot be replaced

Such appearance as hometown cannot be replaced

    Such manner as wakes me at night over and over  
                cannot be replaced

    Such beauty as blossoms happily and painfully  
                cannot be replaced

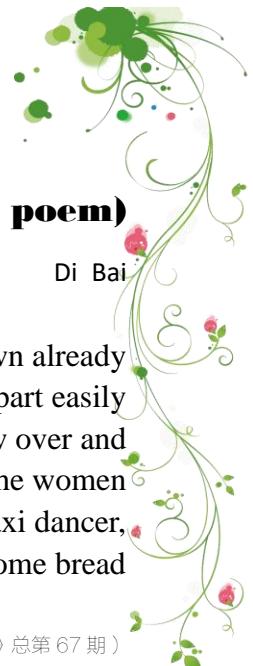
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## 柏林墙（外一首）

迪拜

柏林墙，拆掉了  
砖头和铁丝，很好拆  
风就这样吹过  
更清晰的是女人的浪笑  
做舞娘吧  
挣了钱，买面包





## The Berlin Wall (and another poem)

Di Bai

The Berlin Wall, torn down already  
the bricks and barbed-wire, taken apart easily

The wind just blew over and  
even more lucid were the sluttish laughter of the women

Be a taxi dancer,  
earn money to buy some bread

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 67 期）

## 莉莉·玛莲

迪拜

《莉莉·玛莲》  
在天空回荡  
英国士兵枪膛里射出的子弹  
流了眼泪  
法国士兵枪膛里射出的子弹  
流了眼泪  
  
德国士兵枪膛里射出的子弹  
也流了眼泪





## Lili Marleen

Di Bai

*Lili Marleen*  
is resounding in the sky

The British soldier shoots a bullet  
tears rolling down

The French soldier shoots a bullet  
tears rolling down

The German soldier shoots a bullet  
his tears too roll down

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 67 期)

## 变迁（外二首）

朱立坤

百年前的一个四月天  
爷爷的父亲  
为他的父亲  
在一座土堆前  
燃烧纸钱

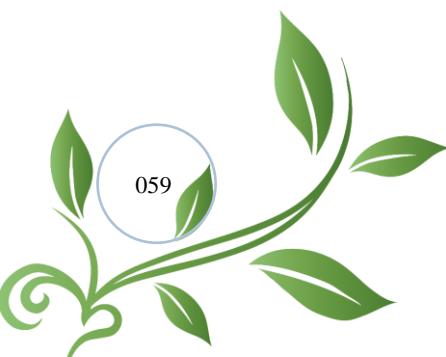
今年的又一个四月天  
父亲的孙子  
为他父亲的父亲  
在电脑屏幕虚拟的土堆前  
燃烧虚拟的纸钱

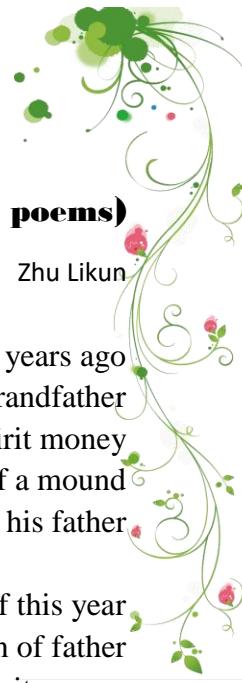
比河流更宽的沟

（诗人父亲举头望明月）  
我的左手流着黄河

（艺术家母亲低头思故乡）  
我的右手流着长江

（化工厂废气中日益长大的儿子独自皱眉头）  
我的心中堵着一条污染的湘江





## Change (and another two poems)

Zhu Likun

On an April day a hundred years ago  
the father of grandfather  
burnt spirit money  
in front of a mound  
for his father

On another April day of this year  
the grandson of father  
burnt virtual spirit money  
in front of a virtual mound on the computer screen  
for the father of his father

A gap wider than the river

(The poet father looks up at the bright moon)  
At my left hand rolls the Yellow River

(The artist mother drops her head thinking of homeland)  
At my right hand rolls the Yangtze River

(The son growing up in the stack gas of chemical plant  
frowns alone)  
In my heart blocks a polluted Xiang River

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 67 期)

# 逝

朱立坤

山东曲阜  
一条溪流的岸上  
孔仲尼的  
第一百代孙子  
匆忙地走过  
沐浴过二千多年  
太阳和鲜血的溪水  
轻轻喟叹  
逝者如斯夫

我的心也在轻轻太息  
给白昼以一大碗黑夜的骨髓  
给黑夜以一小杯白昼的鲜血





## Elapse

Zhu Likun

On the bank  
of a stream in Qufu, Shandong  
The 100th grandson  
of Confucius  
passes quickly the brook  
that has been bathing for two thousand years  
in the sun and blood  
sighing softly:  
How time elapses like the flow

My heart too is sighing softly  
Give the day a big bowl of night's marrow  
Give the night a small cup of day's blood

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 67 期)

## 儿子的三段论

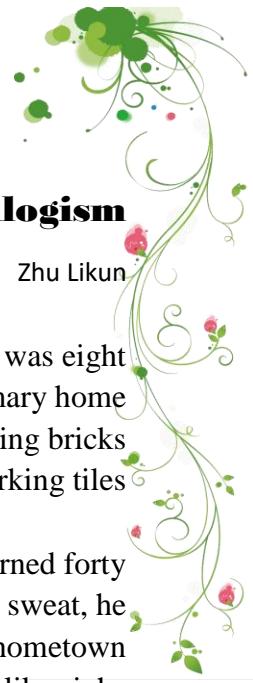
朱立坤

我八岁的时候  
曾经用一些鸡鸣的砖头  
狗吠的瓦片  
堆砌最初的家园

父亲二十公岁那天  
汗如瀑布 和着几串  
蜜桔一般的太息  
建筑最美的故乡

祖父挖空他生命的圆点  
成为句号的那一永恒的瞬间  
那片被夕阳翻唱过千万遍的摇篮曲  
正在编织 失去的乐园

此是我儿子  
已经书写或者将要书写的  
人生三段论



## Son's Syllogism

Zhu Likun

When I was eight  
I built my primary home  
with some crowing bricks  
and barking tiles

The day when my father turned forty  
Soaked with sweat, he  
built the most pretty hometown  
with strings of orange-like sighs

My grandfather hollowed the dot of his life  
making it a full stop of momentary eternity  
That lullaby, sung thousands of times by the setting sun  
was knitting the lost paradise

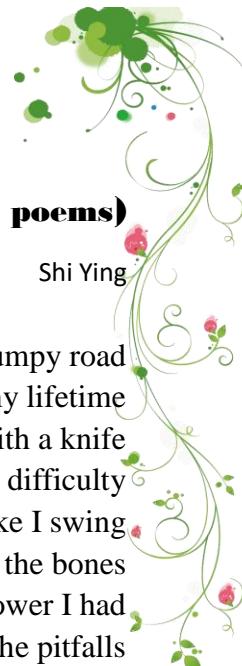
This is my son's syllogism  
which has already been or is about to be  
written

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 67 期)

## 老来的誓言（外三首）

史英

布满荆棘又凹凸不平  
大半生所走路途  
几举步艰辛  
从未以刀切菜般顺利  
常要挥起刃  
斩碎骨那样费力  
凭斗志锋利  
迭削刺、避过陷阱  
终走出逆境  
虽挨过  
数十载历风苦雨  
老来的我呵  
至今赤诚仍如昔  
誓要在生命似夕阳西坠前  
把余辉洒在人间



## Vow in Old Age (and other three poems)

Shi Ying

Thistles and thorns are all over the bumpy road  
that I have taken in most of my lifetime  
Never like cutting greens smoothly with a knife  
I took every step with much difficulty  
Always I would stain myself like I swing  
my blade to chop up the bones  
With fierce persistence and willpower I had  
repeatedly penetrated the brambles and dodged the pitfalls  
and finally walked out of the adversity  
Decades of bitter wind and rain though  
I had weathered  
The old me  
is as sincere as what I used to be  
Here I take my vow to give out my afterglow to all  
before my life ends like the setting sun to fall

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 68 期)

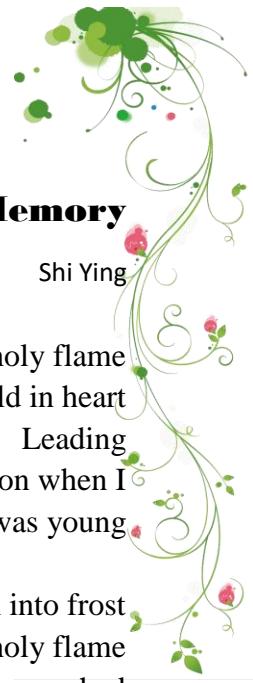
## 闪现于记忆往事

史英

有一种信念曾被视为圣火  
狂燃在心头  
引领着  
人生奋战的方向      当我  
年轻的时光

临老的生活历练化作的霜  
将那焰扑灭  
炽热的心遂冷却  
迈向理想步伐改走向  
为狮城欲熄华族火种添油

一如蜡烛焚烧后灰烬里  
仍存有余温  
偶遇有疾风吹至  
火星会溅起  
为冷寂回忆增一点温



## Bygones Flashing in Memory

Shi Ying

One faith was reckoned to be holy flame  
burning bright and wild in heart

Leading  
my fighting direction when I  
was young

The life experiences in aging years turn into frost  
extinguishing the holy flame

The once ardent passion is quenched  
with the direction of steps towards ideal changed

Oil should be poured on the dying tinder flame of China  
people in Lion City

Just like in the embers after the candle burns down  
there are still afterheat

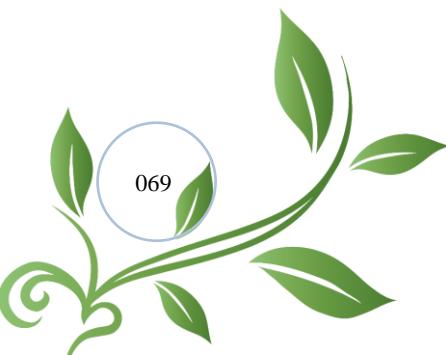
When blowed occasionally by a gale  
the sparks would fly up  
adding a touch of warmth to the forlorn memory

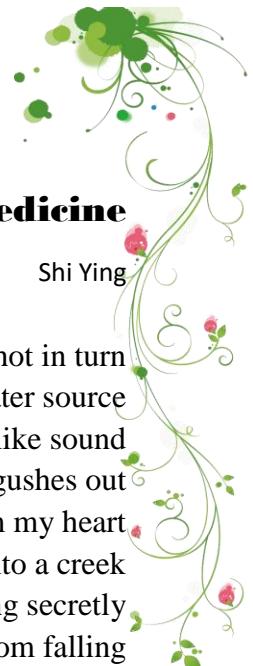
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 68 期)

## 行医的感触

史英

冷暖兼具之行医生涯  
为水般源头  
声含珠般飞溅的清润  
从心窝  
常奔流而出  
偶尔转化为小溪  
在暗泣——  
把吊在危崖欲坠之命救起  
有若欢庆鞭炮被引爆  
快慰便轰然响起  
眼见垂挂在死亡那线  
断了时  
锥触及心般剧痛  
数十载岁月  
我总是如此这般度过





## On Practicing Medicine

Shi Ying

The career of practicing medicine, cold and hot in turn  
is the water source  
The gully splashing with the pearl-like sound  
always gushes out  
from my heart  
and accidentally turns into a creek  
weeping secretly  
to save a life on a cliff from falling  
It is just like setting off celebrating fireworks  
Satisfaction explodes with a loud crash  
When the line of death is witnessed  
broken  
an awl-pricked pain pierces the heart  
For decades of years  
I have always been living like this

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 68 期)

## 梦想

史英

有幽香含于内  
为含苞的花  
经心窝那沃土的培育 又被  
岁月所引发雨露  
更翻滋润下  
渐绽放  
芬芳由是如蝶轻飘飞  
为人间添彩





## Dream

Shi Ying

A delicate aroma is contained within  
A flower in bud  
Nurtured by the rich soil in the heart And then  
nourished again and again  
by the rain and dew accumulated through the years  
Gradually it flowers  
The aroma flutters like a butterfly  
adding color to the world

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 68 期)

## 三苏祠

余文法

一门三大家，  
千载诗书城。  
祠前祭三苏，  
眉州处处传诗声。  
远罗楼远眺，  
似见杭州苏堤柳青青。  
“三苏湖”泛舟波光粼粼，  
像在西湖三潭扬帆影。  
东坡雅韵，  
巴蜀雏凤高飞心系黎民，  
写诗托讽获谤罪，  
天涯海角度逆境。  
高处不胜寒，  
月有圆缺阴晴，  
贬谪升迁平常事，  
恣肆豪放倍有情。  
大江东去浪淘尽，  
惊涛拍岸留诗名。

## Three-Su Memorial Temple

Yu Fawen

Three masters in one family  
make the place an age-old literate city

In the temple sacrifice is offered to the three  
Lingering over Meizhou is the sound of reading poetry

Looking far into the distance on the Luo Tower  
I seem to see the green willows along the Dike Su  
While we boat in Lake Three-Su, the waves are  
shimmering

like in the Three Pools of West Lake we are sailing.  
Su Dongpo was elegant in style, like a soaring phenix  
he was oft-worrying about the masses

He wrote poems to admonish, only to incur slander  
and adversity at the ends of the earth he had to suffer.

At Higher altitude it would be extremely cold  
Promotion and demotion are common occurrence,  
Why not be open and clear and happy to my heart's  
content!

The great river courses to the east while  
the roaring waves slap the bank. His name persists.

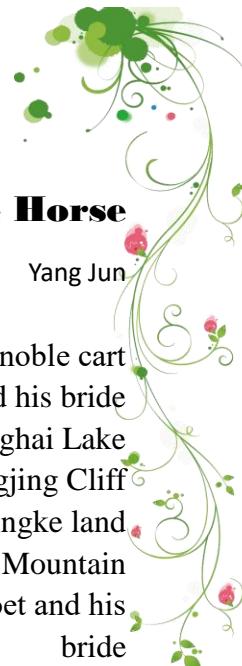
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 68 期)

## 关于白马

阳君

有人说白马拉动了年轻的高车  
上面坐着诗人和新娘  
从南山走出  
经过了藏经崖  
过了青稞地  
一直走下来  
走进青海湖里  
也有人说白马驮着诗人和新娘  
从青海湖里  
穿过牦牛群  
途径油菜花  
一直朝南山里走  
走到雪线处  
可我不知道  
因此我是一个梦  
是一朵浮云  
云影覆盖你们的心  
让你们时时怀念





## About the White Horse

Yang Jun

It's said that the white horse pulled the young noble cart  
in which seated the poet and his bride  
all the way to the Qinghai Lake  
via Cangjing Cliff  
and the Qingke land  
from the South Mountain  
It's also said that the white horse took the poet and his  
bride  
out from the Qinghai Lake  
all the way to the South Mountain  
after passing through the yak herd  
and patches of rape flowers  
until the snow horizon  
Yet I don't know  
I am just a dream thereby  
a floating cloud

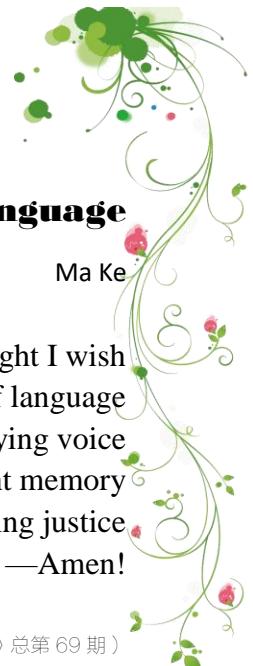
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 69 期)

## 敲响语言的大钟

马科

我愿意从今夜开始  
敲响语言的大钟  
做为末亡声音的守护者  
喑哑的激情 沉默的怀念  
深切的悲悯 逃逸的正义  
——致哀！





## Toll the Big Bell of Language

Ma Ke

From this night I wish  
to toll the big bell of language  
to be the defender of the dying voice  
The mute passion The silent memory  
The profound sympathy The escaping justice  
—Amen!

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 69 期)

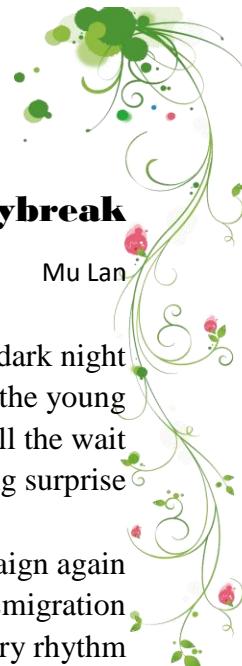
## 黎明

木兰

穿破黑夜的茧  
带着年轻的诺言  
给所有的等待  
一个石破天惊

骚动的原野  
又走进一次轮回  
一首叮当的童谣  
落在古老的水车边

花儿开了  
果实在襁褓中裂变  
婴儿的啼哭  
已把每扇窗户打开



## Daybreak

Mu Lan

Break the cocoon of the dark night  
Bring along the promises of the young  
Give all the wait  
a startling surprise

The riotous champaign again  
walks into another transmigration  
A tinkling nursery rhythm  
is sung by the ancient waterwheel

Blooming are the flowers  
whose fruits split in the swaddling clothes  
The crying of the baby has  
opened every window

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 69 期）

## 回到……（外一首）

杨晓萌

天空遥远  
像是被孩子想象出来  
像多年前住过的那栋房子  
一切随着词语生长  
不善于记忆的眼睛里  
全是金子

但，光是一堵厚厚的墙  
如同所有真正的墙  
自然，安全，不容置疑

你躺下，像一朵花  
我们感觉到这是一个葬礼  
有什么在开放  
如果你醒来，会说：  
那是谁





## Back to... (and another poem)

Yang Xiaomeng

The sky stretches far  
As though it is the children's fancy  
Or that flat which had been dwelt in years ago  
All are growing with words and terms  
The eyes that are not skilled in memory  
Brim over with gold

Light, however, is a thick wall  
Like all the real walls  
It is natural, safe and indisputable

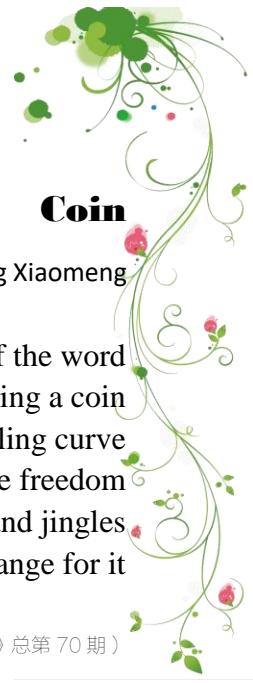
Lying down there, you are like a flower  
We sense a funeral out of this  
And something is blossoming  
You would ask if you wake up—  
Who is that

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 70 期)

# 硬币

杨晓萌

夜晚，说出这个词  
像抛出一枚硬币  
熄灭闪光的弧线  
寂静、缓慢，充满敌意的  
自由，碰撞着叮当作响  
花掉这枚硬币，去交换



## Coin

Yang Xiaomeng

Night. The utterance of the word  
Is like tossing a coin  
Extinguishing a sparkling curve  
Still and slow. The hostile freedom  
Tinkles and jingles  
Until the coin is spent to exchange for it

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第70期）

## 蚯蚓，是地下诗人（外一首）

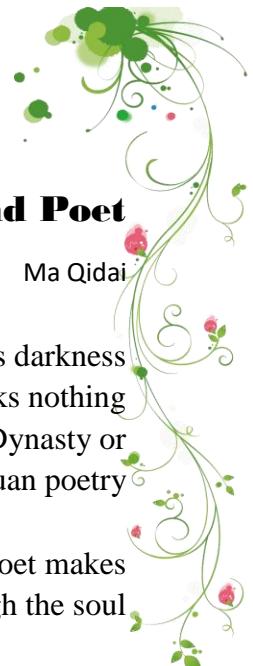
马启代

——蚯蚓，是地下诗人。最懂黑，所以不说话  
唱歌，但像元曲或宋词

它让土地穿越身体，如诗人让黑暗穿越灵魂

……所谓精耕细作就是从泥土里打磨词语  
它不以柔克刚，只以小搏大

为了躲开人类的挖掘，那些血腥十足的铁爪  
它必须把自己向深邃里写



## Earthworm, the Underground Poet

Ma Qidai

—Earthworm is an underground poet. He knows darkness  
best, so he speaks nothing

He sings, yet to the tune of Ci poetry of Song Dynasty or  
Yuan poetry

He makes the earth pass through its body, as a poet makes  
the darkness through the soul

...The so-called intensive cultivation is just cultivating  
words and expressions in the soil,  
which wins over the large with the little instead of  
conquering the solid with the soft

To hide himself from the digging of human, those  
extremely bloody iron paws,  
he must put himself down deep, deep enough in the  
underground

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 70 期)

## 树下爬满了青草（外二首）

林新荣

那棵树栽在河湾  
还有一些树栽在河湾  
它们随意地站立着

树下爬满了青草  
青草其实不叫青草  
它们一片一片地  
可以叫静谧、安逸  
抑或叫舒适

流水不是很充沛  
它们如意，而欢腾着  
恣意地淌着  
它们腾起的水花  
只是生活的一个小章节  
就像我们在林间奔跑着

多么专一。它们欢歌着——  
一路，你听不见，却时时感受到  
日子是  
日月轮换，时起时落

# Green-grass Under the Tree (and other

## two poems)

Lin Xinrong

The tree grows by the river bend  
And more trees grow by the river bend  
They stand there as they please

Under the trees covers the green grass  
Which in fact cannot be called green grass  
And which rambles about here and there  
And which could be called stillness, ease  
Or coziness

The water is not so profuse  
Yet it is contented, flowing in rejoice  
and recklessness  
The sprays it stirs up  
Are no more than a small chapter in life  
It's just like we are running in the wood

How undivided! It sings cheerfully all along  
You cannot hear but sense all the time  
That the time and tide  
Would flow and ebb alternatively

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第70期)

## 时光：远去的院落

林新荣

多想成为你手中的线，陪你坐在纺车前  
被你温柔地牵出  
一筐洁白的棉，一锭锭纱  
——只要笑，就露出洁白的牙

树荫下  
小院落：黄狗，鸡，两个少女  
屋檐下晃着腊肉  
它们都是听着沙沙的纺纱声  
长大的……哦  
天边的雷声已经响起  
但是现在她们是如此的恬静！



## Time: Courtyard Receded

Lin Xinrong

How I wish to accompany you by the spinning wheel  
To be the thread in your hand being pulled out tenderly

A basket of white cotton, spindles of yarn  
—so long as you smile, you reveal your white teeth

Under the tree  
A small courtyard: yellow dog, chicken, two lasses

Bacon hanging from the eaves  
They all grow up  
with the spinning sound...Ah

Rumbling is the thunder on the horizon  
Yet all of them are so tranquil as such!

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第70期)

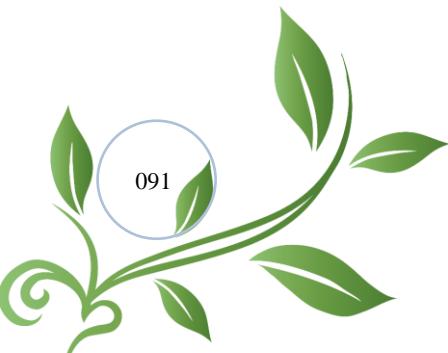
# 冬天

林新荣

孤独像天上的雨  
一阵一阵泼下来

打在时间的遗址上，溅在生命的外壳里  
岁月：空空落落

我奋力想跑在它的前面  
在呼呼的寒风中





## Winter

Lin Xinrong

Loneliness pours down in showers  
Like the rain from the heaven

Falling on the ruins of time, splashing on the shell of life  
Years gone by: void of nothing

I'm desperate to be ahead of it  
In the whistling of the wintry wind

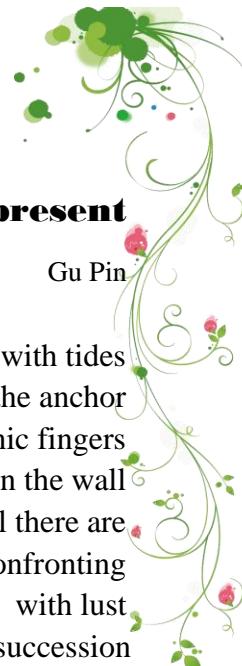
(原译载于《世界诗人》总第70期)

## 涛声是无处不在的

谷频

他的心底注定要被潮水贮满  
只需一点风力，就把铁锚吞入体内  
别把惊慌的手指伸过来  
这是偷渡者的领域，壁上的鱿鱼  
早已用来充饥，而许多熟悉的面孔  
还在网中游动，在与欲望对峙之中  
翻卷的云朵陆续化为岩壁

他替空气发泄出牡蛎的声音  
耳朵里的雾气很快汇聚成  
巨大的漩涡，像追逐一群海  
被掠夺的种子变得精力充沛  
他的手心转动着岛屿的嘴唇  
如同在大海里抛下自己  
忘记归程但不鄙夷后世的自由



## Sound of Waves is Omnipresent

Gu Pin

The bottom of his heart is doomed to be filled with tides  
Just a little wind power is enough to devour the anchor

Do not stretch out the panic fingers  
This is the domain of stowaways, the squids on the wall  
having been eaten to allay the hunger, and still there are  
So many familiar faces swimming in the net confronting  
with lust  
When rolling clouds are turning into cliffs in succession

He gives out the sound of an oyster on behalf of the air

The mist in his ears takes the form of a gargantuan  
whirlpool

Just like he is chasing after a gang of pirates  
The plundered seeds become glowing with energy

His palm is now wheeling the lips of the island

As if he is abandoning himself in the ocean  
Forgetting to return but not despising the freedom of the  
afterlife

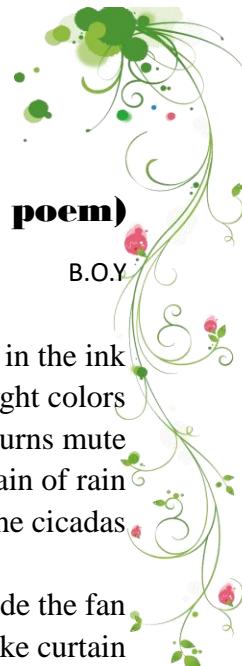
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## 燕山有雨

木樨颜

谁拿笔饱蘸了浓墨  
将原本的亮彩遮盖  
霎时间，刺眼的灼热变得暗哑  
四面八方的清凉和一幕山雨  
驱散蝉的聒噪

坐下来吧，把扇子丢到一边  
在屋檐底下看连成了珠子的水帘  
谁喜欢清明和光彩  
谁也一定不讨厌偶尔的黯淡



## Rain at Yan Hill (and another poem)

B.O.Y

Who dipped the brush so deep in the ink  
To cover up the original bright colors  
Suddenly, the eye-scorching heat turns mute  
The coolness in all directions and a curtain of rain  
Disperse the noise and clamor of the cicadas

Why not sit down, cast aside the fan  
And appreciate the bead-like curtain  
He who loves brightness and brilliance  
Could also like the dimness sometimes

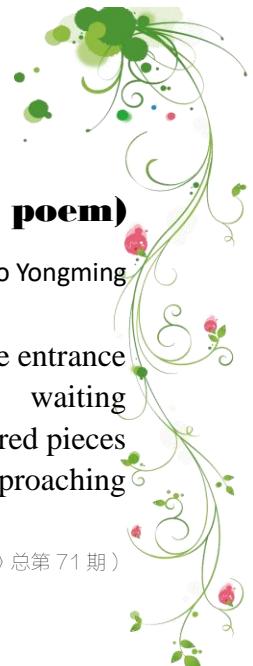
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## 石榴（外一首）

郭永明

站在村口 等待了一千年  
心儿都碎成了血色的颗粒  
还听不见你遥远的马蹄声





## Pomegranate (and another poem)

Guo Yongming

For a thousand years, you stand at the village entrance  
waiting

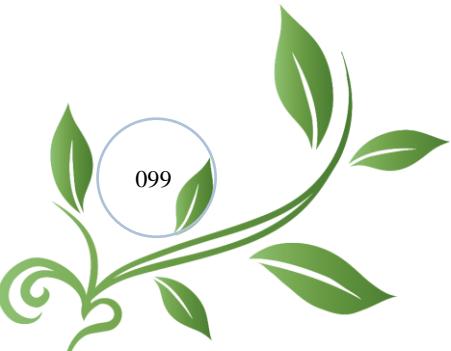
With your heart broken into blood-red pieces  
Still, you cannot hear the distant hoofbeat approaching

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 71 期)

# 流星

郭永明

站得那么高 那么远  
怎么也会被流言的导弹  
击中





## Shooting-star

Guo Yongming

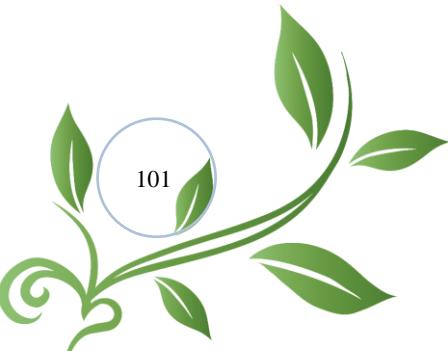
So high and so far are you perching there  
How should you be shelled by the bomb  
of rumors

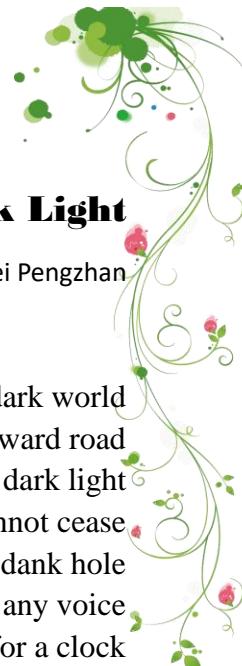
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# 黑色的光

魏鹏展

这是一个黑色的世界  
我用黑色的光  
寻找黑色的前路  
黑色的手不能停下来  
阴冷的黑洞里  
我最怕没有声音的黑色  
这是一个不需时钟的世界  
但我知道看不见的时间  
咳嗽声的回音  
告诉我该吃药了  
我用黑色的光  
寻觅没有颜色的小药丸





## Dark Light

Wei Pengzhan

This is a dark world  
Where I seek for the dark forward road  
With dark light  
And the dark hand cannot cease  
I fear most in the dark and dank hole  
The darkness without any voice  
This is a world devoid of the need for a clock  
But I know the invisible time  
The echo of that cough  
Tells me to take my medicine  
So with the dark light  
I seek for the little colorless pill

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## 杂事诗·悲歌（外一首）

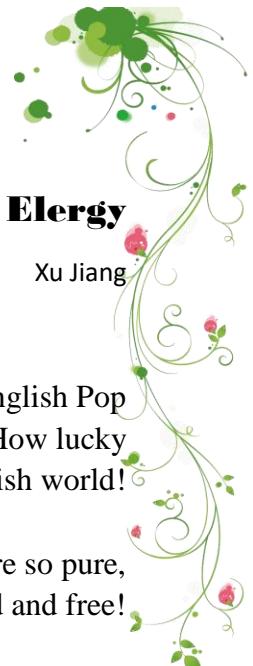
徐江

偶然看英国“接招”乐队的现场，忽然涌出一声叹息——  
在今天，生活在英语世界的人们多么幸运啊！

他们有这么多纯净的、奔放的、自由的文艺可以享受！

也包括诗歌！

我深陷于时代魔爪与泥潭的汉语子民，请原谅我，每当这一刻，  
我唾弃你们！去写下有可能是唯一能拯救这段光阴的词句。



## Poems for Sundries—An Elegy

Xu Jiang

I happened to notice the live show of the English Pop band “Take That” and gave suddenly a sigh—How lucky they are for those who live in the English world!

They can relish the literature and art which are so pure, untrammelled and free!

Including poetry!

My fellow citizens, who are trapped deep in the devil-claws and mire of the times, please forgive me—every time when it occurs, I spurn you! Go and write down some words and sentences that could possibly deliver this period of time.

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第72期)

## 杂事诗 · 如何坚定地让夜色打烊

徐江

在无所指的悲戚里醒来  
在凌晨  
所有伤害发生伤口复发的丝微一瞬

大脑的频道  
调向晨昏之交阴阳之交飓风与台风相邻的  
小小寂静之岛

冷却了目光血液河流爱液神经的传感抽搐  
我说  
要坚定的让眼前的时代打烊把它从人类的记忆中抹去

停掉肮脏的灯与钟  
让他们阴间的炉火焚烧他们自己以及他们亲手造出的  
假人儿  
蔚蓝的火击中电线火球侵入瞳孔耳膜听筒以及不便提及的器官

对，就这样用文字签名、封章  
事毕拂衣去  
冥冥中的萨克斯在黛青的晨风里遥遥送来回响



## **Poems for Sundries—How to Make the Night Close Firmly**

Xu Jiang

Wakened from an unspeakable dolefulness  
In the early morning  
All the hurts start at the instant when the cuts relapse

The channel of brain  
Is switched to a silent islet  
Between a hurricane and a typhoon on the border of day  
and night, Yin and Yang

The eyesight, blood, rivers and love is quenched. The  
nerve sensor jerks  
I say

The present era should be closed firmly. The human  
memory about it should be cleared

Stop the filthy light and clock  
Let them be burned by their stove fire in the hell together  
with the fake persons made by them  
The blue fire hits the electric wire and the fire-ball,  
invades the pupil of eye, ear drum and unspeakable organs

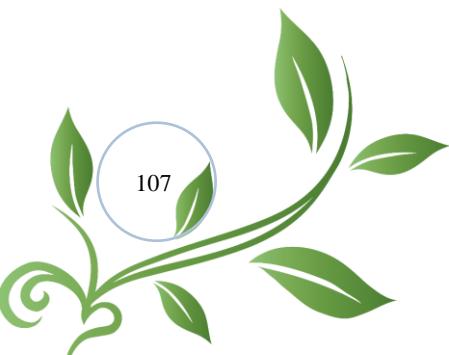
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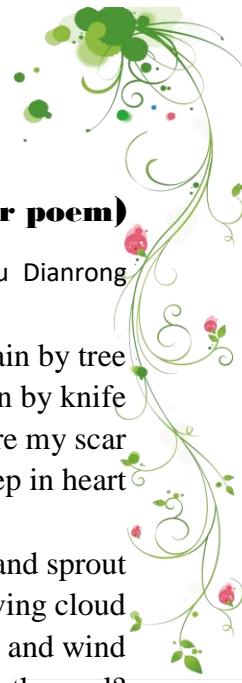
## 痕(外一首)

刘殿荣

影子，是树的痕  
伤疤，是刀的痕  
你是我的疤痕  
深深地刻在心

我是那生根发芽的种子啊  
你却成了飘忽不定的云  
在风雨中穿行的  
是血肉 是灵魂？





## Stain (and another poem)

Liu Dianrong

Shadow is the stain by tree

Scar is the stain by knife

And you are my scar

Engraved hard deep in heart

I am a seed which can root and sprout

But you become the roving cloud

What is it that weathers the rain and wind

Flesh and blood, or the soul?

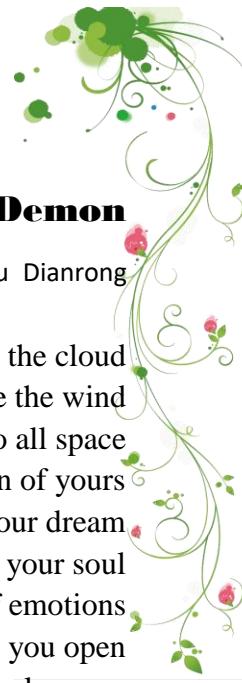
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# 时间是魔鬼

刘殿荣

它来时，飘如云  
它去时，轻如风  
它诡秘异常，穿透所有空间  
它监控你的一举一动  
它跟踪你的一颦一梦  
它用名利和女人窃取你的灵魂  
它在喜怒哀乐中吞噬你的性命  
它用一把无形的剪刀悄悄地  
剪开你的皮肤骨骼五脏六腑  
直至每一个细胞 微创无痛

它微笑着看你葱郁看你枯萎  
看你争看你斗看你头破血流  
看你死于名死于利死于性  
直到你被一个盒子带走了  
还带不走一砖一瓦一份情  
它却永远活在  
不死的万里河山和春夏秋冬  
把玩你我苦辣与酸甜的人生



## Time is a Demon

Liu Dianrong

Swiftly it comes, like the cloud  
Lightly it goes, like the wind  
Unearthly subtle, it penetrates into all space  
Spying on each and every action of yours  
Tailing after your smile and your dream  
With fame and wealth and women it steals your soul  
It will devour your life in the whole gamut of emotions  
With an invisible scissor, it cuts you open  
Your skin, bones, all your internal organs  
Even every cell are cut open, microinvasively and  
painlessly

It smiles at your flourishing and withering  
Watching you struggling, fighting and bleeding  
Until you are brought away by a box  
Not taking away a single brick, a tile and a touch of  
emotion  
It, however, lives for long  
In the undying rills and hills, four seasons of a year  
Toying and tasting the vicissitudes of our life

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 73 期)

## 混沌

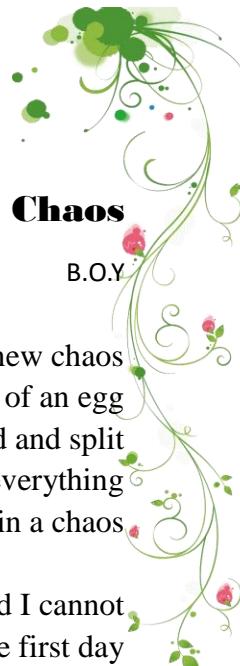
木樨颜

初识混沌  
不是己身一颗鸡子  
我斧钺周围  
披斩出来的还是  
一团混沌

不是盘古也不会  
在第一天造出光和昼夜  
只能秉着蜡烛  
行走在氤氲的蓬莱  
并非我犬儒  
我不过是一条  
自由呼吸的狗

不必五颜六色的光  
我眼里只有黑白  
焚了我的躯体  
作为献祭也好  
让我在该在的地方自由呼吸

我所了解的混沌  
是天宇是缺席的王



## Chaos

B.O.Y

When I first knew chaos  
I was not I yolk of an egg  
I rived and split  
Only to find everything  
Still in a chaos

I am not Pan Gu and I cannot  
make light, day and night on the first day  
I can only hold a candle  
Walking in the misty Penglai  
Not that I am cynical  
I am just a dog  
Who exhales and inhales freely

No eagerness for colorful light  
I have just black and white in my eyes  
Please burn my body  
To offer up a sacrifice  
And let me breathe freely where I was meant to be

The chaos that I know of  
Is heaven the absent king

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第73期)

## 天空中缺席的王者

马科

我放弃了至尊的王  
深潜于水的回忆之中  
尘埃复归于尘埃  
天宇复归于混沌  
世无敬畏  
我心悲凉



## Absent King in the Sky

Ma Ke

I forsook the supreme throne  
Hiding deep in the memory of the water  
Dust to dust again  
Heavens return to chaos  
No awe ever exists  
Dismal is my heart

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 73 期）

## 羞惭

凸凹

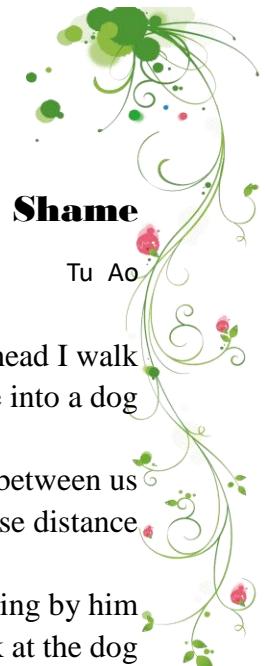
我朝前走去  
迎面一条狗走来

我们之间的纵向距离越近时  
横向距离越远

走过之后  
我向后望了望

我看不见那条狗正在回头  
我们的目光碰到了一起

一下子，只是一下子  
我们各自收回目光，并躊躇着向前走去



## Shame

Tu Ao

Ahead I walk  
Running face to face into a dog

The closer our lengthwise distance between us  
The remoter our crosswise distance

Passing by him  
I glanced back at the dog

Who happened to glance back at me  
Making our eyes contact

One contact, only one contact was made  
before withdrawal. Then we continued tramp ahead

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第73期）

# 他们收割了一万年的阳光

南鸥

该遗忘的，早已经遗忘  
我的血液，我的家乡，我千年的姓氏  
那些被反复肢解的时光，就像  
体内割掉的器官

今天，我没有权力遗忘  
今天只属于亡灵，他们是时间的审判者  
那些细节，染红喜马拉雅山的雪峰  
他们提升了今天的海拔

他们从废墟里探出头来  
黑洞洞的眼眶，命令钢铁重新回到钢炉  
命令一条古老的河流，从此  
倒挂在天上

他们让时间哑口无言  
让每一天，都变成了时间的赝品  
他们躺在地下，他们收割了  
亿万年的阳光

# They Reap a Ten Thousand Years of

## Sunbeams

Nan Ou

What should be forgot has already been forgot  
My blood, my homeland, my thousand-year family name  
The time and light that have been repeatedly dismembered  
Are just like the organs cut down inside the body

Today, I have no right to forget  
Today belongs only to the deceased soul, the judge of time  
All those details stained red the snow mountains  
Who elevated today's altitude

Poking their heads out from the ruins, they are black-eyed,  
ordering the steel to be put back into the furnace  
And that an ancient river be, from now on  
Hung upside down in the sky

They make the time dumb  
They make the fake of time out of every day  
Lying there underground, they reaped  
Ten thousand years of sunbeams

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第74期)

## 蝙蝠

木樨颜

蝙蝠又飞进来了  
还是——它根本就没走?  
蛰伏了一个冬  
睡在谁家的烟囱里

没有孔洞，没有缝隙  
没有生活的可能  
没有吃的，没有喝的  
没有伙伴，没有

你听到了狰狞的山风  
还是春的脚步?  
即便是在长眠中你也  
挣扎着解析梦境?

去年这个时候你突然  
消失得无影踪  
我以为是神示  
我等着福临门  
等到现在 等到一切都  
波澜不惊 剩下的还是  
和你衣服一样颜色的  
梦



## The Bat

B.O.Y.

The bat flies in again  
Or maybe it never leaves?

Hibernated for a winter  
Whose chimney were you in

No hole, no crevice  
No possibility of life  
No food, no drink  
No companion, no nothing

You heard the ugly wind  
Or the footsteps of spring?  
Or you were deciphering  
Your dream even while sleeping?

You disappeared all of sudden  
This moment of last year  
I thought it was a God's sign  
I waited to be blessed  
Until now when everything  
Remain unchanged, leaving behind  
Only a dream of the color of your  
garment

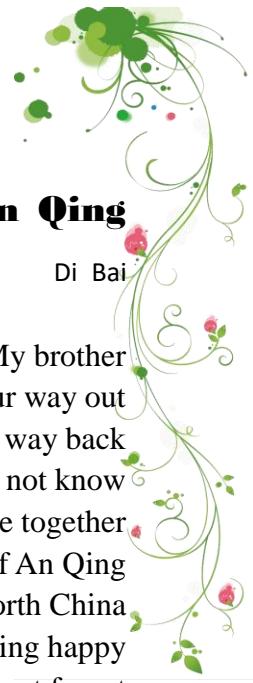
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## 安庆爱之语

迪拜

兄弟啊，我如何不知道，你出门的路  
兄弟啊，我如何不知道，你回家的路  
兄弟啊，我如何不知道  
多年以前我们一起的路  
那条路，是安庆的一个印迹  
那条路，是北方的一个印记  
那条路，是我多少欢乐的一个印记  
那条路，是我这许多年  
仍然不能忘怀的一个印记  
那条路，是你的一个印记吗  
那条路，已经留下了。在安庆





## Love Murmur for An Qing

Di Bai

My brother  
How could I not know your way out  
How could I not know your way back  
How could I not know  
The way where we used to be together  
That way is a trace of An Qing  
A mark of North China  
A mark of my being happy  
A mark that I can not forget  
For all these years  
Is it also a mark of you, that way  
It stayed there already, in An Qing

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第74期)

## 安庆爱之语

迪拜

偷偷地喜欢着，是一件多么美妙的事  
偷偷地每一天都喜欢着  
那该充满了多少说不尽的欢乐  
偷偷地每一个时刻都喜欢着  
那该更凭添了天地间多少彩虹的遐想  
每一天都可以面对面  
每一天都可以尽情地在一起  
你不必知道。但我知道  
我能看着你  
我能感受你  
你所有的呼吸  
你所有的味道  
我都好好地珍藏了  
天涯海角，我都能时刻取出来  
一页一页，一格一格  
我的你啊，那是所有的分毫





## Love Murmur for An Qing

Di Bai

How wonderful it is to love secretly  
To love secretly each and every day  
How much unutterable happiness would there be  
To love secretly each and every moment  
How much rainbowly reverie would emerge unexpectedly  
Then face-to-face everyday is possible  
To be together heartily is possible  
You need not know. I, however, know that  
I can watch you  
I can feel you  
All your breath  
All your flavor and taste  
Which I have already enshrined  
At all end of the earth I can take them out  
Paper by paper, square by square  
Oh, My beloved you! These are all the details of you

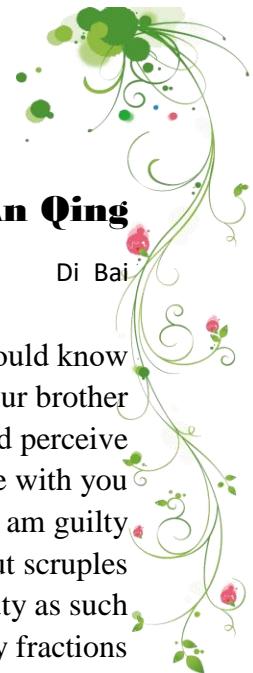
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## 安庆爱之语

迪拜

不必担忧你会知道些什么  
因为在你的身边，我是你的兄弟  
不必担忧你会察觉些什么  
一直都是，我是你的形影不离  
我也有罪恶，我也有愧疚  
我就这样毫无顾忌地占有了  
你的美丽  
我就这样分分毫毫地占有了  
你令人心碎的美丽  
可我依然无法放弃  
无法放弃你的容颜  
无法放弃你的声音  
无法放弃你的每一个表情  
所有的，我都要，都要累积起来  
做成我独一无二的遐想  
多得一分钟，就更绚丽





## Love Murmur for An Qing

Di Bai

Don't worry what you would know  
Because I am on your side, I am your brother  
Don't worry what you would perceive  
For as always I will be with you  
I too have sin, I too am guilty  
I take as my own without scruples  
Your beauty as such  
As such I take as my own every fractions  
Of your heart-breaking beauty  
Yet I cannot give up  
Cannot give up your pretty face  
Cannot give up your voice  
Cannot give up every look of yours  
I want them all, all of them, to be accumulated  
To be my unique reverie  
A minute more to get, more gorgeous it will be

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 74 期)

## 古战场踏青

朱立坤

圆月还是  
从前那轮残月  
青青的牧草吵醒了春天  
无名的花开着  
象是一支支  
少女哭嫁的歌谣  
爱情的故事  
一代代上演  
只不过有时  
更换了一两句  
时髦的台词





## Spring Outing on an Ancient Battlefield

Zhu Likun

The full moon is still  
The fading moon of the past  
The noisy green herbs woke the spring  
Flowers of unknown name bloom  
Like the sad ballads  
Sung by a marrying-off maid  
Stories of love and romance  
Are told generation after generation  
Only sometimes to be  
Modified with several  
Modern words

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第74期)

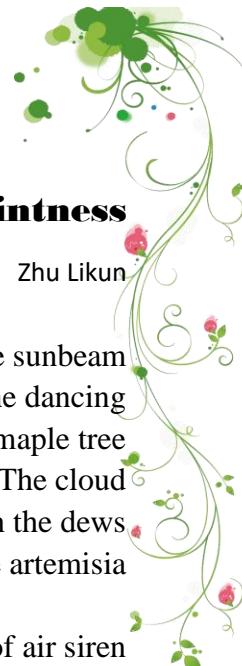
## 古意

朱立坤

阳光在  
枫树的叶片上  
细数舞片  
白云在  
蒿草的露珠中  
静养闲气

汽笛声壮  
不是回家的大道  
是离别的愁肠

一首老歌  
升上了天空  
仿佛故人  
又一次归来



## Quaintness

Zhu Likun

The sunbeam  
Is counting the dancing  
Leaves on the maple tree  
The cloud  
Is reposing in the dews  
On the artemisia

Loud is the sound of air siren  
But that is not for home  
That is the sorrow of departure

An old song  
Rising in the sky  
Is just like an old friend  
Once again returning

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## 关于译者

木樨颜，本名颜海峰，男，曲阜人，常用笔名木樨颜、木樨黄谷、水中山，民盟盟员，北京外国语大学外国文学研究所博士研究生，山东政法学院副教授，山东省作家协会会员、英国比较文学研究会（BCLA）会员。同时担任中国比较文明学会理事、中国英汉语比较研究会典籍英译专业委员会理事、《国际诗歌翻译》季刊客座总编、双语诗刊《诗殿堂》翻译执行主编、美国学术期刊《商务翻译》副主编等职。著有个人诗集《一页水山》《残忍月光》，译诗集《乡村往事》《生命》《梧桐树》《喊出太阳》《平原善辞》《空房子》《冰与火的对话》《徐春芳诗选》《神游》等及编著《中国古典诗歌精选精译》、“东西文翰大系”丛书等40余种，曾获2016年第四届中国当代诗歌奖翻译奖等。

任雨欣，山东济南人，山东政法学院英语学士，中国石油大学翻译硕士在读研究生。通过专八，国家三级笔译。曾获2020全国大学生英语竞赛二等奖、校级优秀共青团干部等荣誉奖励。参编有《中国古典诗歌精选精译》，参译诗集《诗之光》。

**Brent Yan**, aka Yan Haifeng, born in Qufu, is a member of the Democratic League of China, a candidate doctor at the Institute of Foreign Literature of Beijing Foreign Studies University, an associate professor at Shandong University of Political Science and Law, a member of Shandong Writers' Association, and a member of the British Comparative Literature Association (BCLA). He is also the council of the Chinese Society for Comparative Civilization, the director of the English Translation of Chinese Classics Committee of the China Association for Comparative Studies of English and Chinese, the guest editor of *Renditions of International Poetry*, executive translating editor of *Poetry Hall* and the deputy editor-in-chief of *Business Translation*. He is the author of two poetry collections, *A Page of Rill and Hill* and *Cruel Moon*, and the translator of poetry collections like *Village Past, Life, Ode to the Plain, Phoenix Tree, Yell out the Sun, Vacant House, Mind Wanders*, etc. He also compiled *Translation of Classical Chinese Poetry* and Orient-Occident Lit Collection (OOLC). He was awarded the translation prize of the 4th Chinese Contemporary Poetry Award in 2016, among many other awards.

**Ren Yuxin**, born in Jinan, Shandong Province, has got a bachelor of Shandong University of Political Science and Law and now is studying for a master's degree in Translation and Interpreting at China University of Petroleum. She passed the TEM-8 certification, CATTI level 3, and won the second prize in the "National English Contest of College Students" in 2020 and "Outstanding Cadres of the Communist Youth League" for several times. She participated in the compilation of *Translation of Classical Chinese Poetry* and participated in the translation of the poetry anthology *Muse of Light*.

## 编后记

### POSTSCRIPT

本书收录了著名诗人木樨颜发表于《世界诗人》（现名《国际诗歌翻译》）第 60-74 期的译诗，共 29 位诗人的 65 首新诗。

项目其实最早开始于 2021 年 9 月份，因各种原因被迫停止。今年一月，木樨颜重启该项目时，作为本书的编者，我的内心无遗是惊喜的，也感谢他给予我们的这次机会。在编辑的过程中，我们采用了国际前言理论及方法，使得本书得以科学地呈现。

由于出版模式与传统不同，编者与出版方及诗人木樨颜等多方联系，从书籍的封面设计到正文的排版等环节，事无巨细都要统筹质监，可谓殚精竭虑。

本书选编前后花费了近半年时间，主要选录了少于 20 行的汉译英作品，以发表在原诗刊上的先后顺序先后编排。这些作者多数现在仍然活跃在中国当代诗坛，因此，通过这本书应该可以从一管而窥见当代中国新诗之一斑。书名经和木樨颜商量选取了诗人林青的小诗《绿之韵》，一是因为写诗译诗本身自有其韵律规律所在，二是取其欣欣向荣之意，预示着中国文化外译走向世界，让更多外国人能够了解到中国文化的源远流长、博大精深。

在诗歌翻译方面，许渊冲老先生提出的“三美论”，即对于“音美”“形美”“意美”的追求无疑是衡量译文优秀与否

的重要标准。身为编者，我在读颜老师的译文时，也经常会就某个字词的翻译向其询问，他也总是不厌其烦地耐心回答我的问题，我也深刻体会到了老师对于诗歌翻译的精益求精、字斟句酌。

其次是老师对于诗歌本身的理解深刻，诗歌翻译不是字对字的翻译，而是理解原文的本质，理解作者的意图，将原文的意境能够准确表达出来。编撰过程中我也就本书格式要求、诗歌翻译方法与老师展开了讨论，对于诗歌翻译有了更深刻的感受。

编写过程中也一并修改了少量拼写语法错误，同时与作者和译者沟通取证，以策万全，但编者仍然心有惴惴焉，疏漏在所难免，祈请读者慧眼指批与见宥。

张立峰